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**CONTENTS.**

|                                     | PAGE |  | PAGE |                                      | PAGE |
|-------------------------------------|------|--|------|--------------------------------------|------|
| NOTES OF THE WEEK . . .             | 129  | MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES ( <i>continued</i> ): |      | CORRESPONDENCE ( <i>continued</i> ): |      |
| LEADING ARTICLES:                   |      | Thin Partitions . . . . .                    | 138  | Pensions and the Distribution of the |      |
| Lord Cromer's Record . . .          | 132  | Memories of Manners—I.: Dress. By            |      | Aged. By Thos. A. Welton . . .       | 145  |
| An Avenue to the Infinite . .       | 133  | Alexander Innes Shand . . .                  | 139  | In Aid of the Cripples. By Sir W. P. |      |
| The Steunenberg Trial . . .         | 134  | The Suffolk Shore . . . . .                  | 140  | Treloar, Bart. . . . .               | 145  |
| THE CITY . . . . .                  | 135  | The Visitors' Book . . . . .                 | 141  | REVIEWS:                             |      |
| INSURANCE:                          |      | CORRESPONDENCE:                              |      | A Modern Shakespeare . . . .         | 145  |
| Norwich Union—Clergy Mutual .       | 135  | Italian Anti-Clericalism. By Richard         |      | Wiltshire Rambles . . . . .          | 146  |
| SPECIAL ARTICLE:                    |      | Bagot . . . . .                              | 142  | London Town . . . . .                | 147  |
| Inside the House . . . . .          | 136  | Parties in the Orange River Colony .         | 143  | NOVELS . . . . .                     | 148  |
| MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:             |      | The Unrest in India. By F. C. Con-           |      | NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS . . .         | 149  |
| Changes at the National Gallery. By |      | stable . . . . .                             | 144  | TWO QUARTERLIES . . . . .            | 150  |
| Laurence Binyon . . . . .           | 137  | Mr. Rider Haggard and Lady Sykes.            |      |                                      |      |
|                                     |      | By H. Rider Haggard . . . . .                | 144  |                                      |      |

*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

**NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

In the discussion on the Foreign Office vote on Thursday, not a word was said about Morocco. As the situation grows daily more serious, the omission was, to say the least, striking. Whilst the Moorish troops are attempting to coerce the tribes into open hostility to Raisuli, at grave risk to Kaid Maclean, a band of fanatics has swooped down on Casablanca and massacred seven or eight Europeans. The duty on France to act is perhaps not greater than before, but it is more apparent. The complete failure of the Maghzen—a failure possibly not wholly attributable to incompetence—leaves Europe no alternative but to insist that France should discharge the duty she assumed under the Anglo-French agreement and as a result of the special claims she successfully advanced at Algeciras. Spain is apparently quite prepared to co-operate. The "Temps" and the "Débats" plainly share our view of French responsibility.

Diplomacy in the Congo matter is waiting, as Sir Edward Grey explained, for the production of the Annexation Bill by the Belgian Government. Lord Fitzmaurice in the House of Lords on Monday pleaded for more patience, in the assurance that the intentions of Belgium would be known in the early autumn. That there might be no doubt about British sentiments on the subject Lord Lansdowne associated himself with all the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs had said, and quoted with approval Sir Edward Grey's summary of the necessities of the case: "What we want are results, not reforms." Under the direct control of the Belgian Government the vices of the

present régime should be impossible because administration will no longer be directly concerned with commerce.

On Tuesday the House of Commons resolved to grant £50,000 to Lord Cromer, "in recognition of his eminent services". It resolved this by a large majority; but 107 Nationalists, Radicals and Labour M.P.s opposed the motion. The Nationalists—voiced by Mr. W. Redmond—opposed on the ground that Lord Cromer's name "would for ever be connected with what was a blot and a disgrace on the name of the British Empire"; whilst the remainder of the 107 allowed Mr. Grayson to put their case for them, the essence of it being that Lord Cromer should not be given £50,000 whilst many people were starving. It is impossible to forget that the Government set the example of attacking men who have done great service for their country by encouraging—at any rate suffering—Mr. Churchill to gird at Lord Milner as a poor man. As for the "blot on the name of the British Empire", the Foreign Secretary pointed out that Lord Cromer was actually not in Egypt at the time of the Denshawi sentences. He added, however, that the judges acted with every desire to secure justice, that their motives were pure and that we ought to abide by their sentences. The natives, it will be remembered, who were shot or imprisoned, had attacked and murdered unresisting English officers and were rightly punished for their crimes.

An important step has been taken at the Hague Conference this week. In the fourth committee the vote on the British proposal for the abolition of contraband was taken, with a result, on paper, very remarkable. The proposal was carried by a majority of twenty-five, only five votes being given against it. But the significance of the division is very much modified when one considers that these five included the United States, Germany, Russia, and France. (What a painful thing that our dear "cousin across the Atlantic" should have voted against us.) This vote can hardly stand in view of the weight of the minority: it will probably

suffer the fate of the American proposal to abolish capture at sea of enemies' merchant vessels, the part of England and the United States being reversed. In fact England led all the lesser countries represented, but only one of the great Powers, Austria-Hungary, was with her. Later Mr. Choate introduced the American proposal for a permanent Court of Arbitration. A less serious event of the Conference is the foundation of the Palace of Peace.

In Australia Sir John Forrest, the Commonwealth Treasurer, has left the Deakin Cabinet, his place being taken by Sir William Lyne. Ostensibly Sir John's reason for resignation is that he cannot, consistently with his speeches, continue to be a member of a Government living on the sufferance of the Labour party. Whether he has adopted this course in opposition to the Government or to enable Mr. Deakin and his colleagues further to conciliate Labour, there is no means of telling. His action seems to have been somewhat precipitate; Sir William Lyne says there has been no friction in the Cabinet, though Sir John Forrest himself declares his inability to support the Ministerial policy. No doubt the trouble has arisen over the proposed new tariff, which Sir William Lyne will now be free to draft according to extreme protectionist ideas. When that is passed, with the aid of the Labour party, the days of Mr. Deakin's Cabinet, if not already numbered, will probably not be many.

Sir Edward Grey, as one would expect, gives no countenance to the foolish busybodies who would like to interpolate their own views of the proper way to govern Russia into any Anglo-Russian agreement. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the fit spokesman of these persons, was well put in his place by Mr. Runciman on Wednesday. Mr. MacDonald wanted to know if in any agreement with Russia Sir Edward Grey proposed to take into account the feeling of this country as to the relations between the Russian Government and the people. "The internal affairs of another country", he was told, "cannot be brought into negotiations of this kind." None but an ignoramus in high politics would think they could. In fact, no one who knew anything of the world could put such a question seriously, though many might put it satirically.

Lord Esher had a good deal that was interesting to say in the Lords as to the publication of confidential correspondence on matters of high policy—State letters one might call them. State papers, in the technical sense, are more or less protected by the Official Secrets Act. Private letters have only the protection of copyright, which, as the Lord Chancellor rightly said, is quite inadequate. It is idle to deny that the decaying honour of the Press in these matters makes the danger much more acute than it used to be. It was never enough to trust to honour: but it is less so now than before: other protection is needed. Pity 'tis 'tis so: but so it is. This time Lord Esher had some locus standi in what he was doing. We are glad that his general supervision of everything, especially of the Army and the British Museum, leaves him time, occasionally, for something tangible.

Business or freedom: this seems to be the upshot of the debate on the Prime Minister's statement yesterday week on the business of the session. If business is to be done, the House cannot have free discussion; if the House is to be free, business cannot be done. This pleasing dilemma—the crown and flower of representative government in the Mother of Parliaments—is admitted by both parties, with the difference that the party in power is always on the side of business, the party in opposition on the side of freedom. "This annual demonstration", to use a good phrase of Mr. Asquith's, makes it plainer and plainer that the House of Commons as a body has gone. The Executive of the day has collared the House, and it is certain the House will never get out of the Executive's grip. The Executive will change, but it will never relax its grip on the House. No party that has ridden the storm of a general election into office will stand its leaders

deliberately giving up any of their powers to silence the Opposition—and its leaders are of all men least likely to want to.

Then perish the House! says the constitutionalist. So much the worse for the House, is the only possible answer. The proposed remedy of an automatic apportionment of time for every stage of a Bill would only make Ministers still more absolutely masters. They would know beforehand exactly the time they had to play with; they would just fit in the Bills they preferred; and nothing could prevent them passing through the House within the time arranged. Ministers, once a Bill was introduced, need only sit with folded hands and watch. Neither they nor the Opposition could affect the total result. The only way in which an Opposition can seriously affect the Government is through their time arrangements. The proposed automatic time-limit would take away this last resource. It would also relieve the Government of a certain odium which still hangs about the application of the closure. It was sensitiveness to this odium that made the Government kick so at Lord Camperdown's most reasonable proposal that Bills coming up to the Lords should show what clauses had been closed or guillotined. Closure-marked Bills would be splendid election "literature" for an Opposition.

Mr. McKenna, under the heckler on Wednesday, was evidently keeping something back. The Merioneth County Council is enthusiastically carrying out Mr. Lloyd-George's plan, starving the teachers of voluntary schools in the county. This plan our present Ministers, when in Opposition, applauded. Now Mr. McKenna is on the rack between having openly to approve of the illegal starving of teachers by an education authority or openly condemning those whom in different circumstances he commended. Hence his shifts. He would not say he approved of the conduct of the Merioneth County Council and he would not say he had asked them to pay the salaries due. Then he tries to shift responsibility on to the "anomalies" of the Act of 1902, and makes the pitiful suggestion that the teachers should sue the managers and the managers sue the County Council. This was not genuinely spoken. Mr. McKenna knows that such a course is in effect impossible.

Mr. Grayson signalled his glorious return to the House of Commons in rather an odd way. On Wednesday at a "reception" of the Metropolitan District Council of the Independent Labour party, he told his friends that if they wanted to get "a sample of third-class intellectual mediocrity" they should go to the House of Commons. It seems that the speeches are bad, the subjects for the most part are bosh, and the procedure terrible. Mr. Grayson had just been listening to those well-known intellectual mediocrists the Prime Minister, Mr. Balfour and Sir Edward Grey—and trying to set them right about that sample of third-class administrator Lord Cromer; so his criticism was naturally somewhat severe. One likes, however, young Disraeli's style better. Disraeli admitted to his sister that the House had some good speakers, and gloried in the prospect of beating them all. Belittling his colleagues so utterly, Mr. Grayson discounts surely his own triumph presently when he beats them all.

The curious case of the snapshotted "moonlighters" came before the House of Commons again on Wednesday. Last week when Mr. Birrell expressed his pious horror of the pictures, Mr. Balfour suggested that the National Liberal Federation pictures of the Chinese labourers in chains might also be avoided in future. The "Daily Graphic" published some pictures of moonlighters who, it seemed, posed for the purpose. The "Daily Graphic" made no secret about this, and really we cannot quite understand wherein the heinousness of the thing lies. Nobody denies that moonlighting has been at seasons a common thing in Ireland: indeed it has been so common that the pictures might hardly have been worth publishing, had it not been for the fact that the supposed "moonlighters" actually posed—which is



certainly a new idea. In the pictures which were issued by the Liberal Federation during Mr. Birrell's reign there, the Chinese labourers in chains were purely imaginative. We are inclined to think that if some of the Chinese had posed, there would have been if anything more justification for those effective if lying portraits.

Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde evidently thinks it high time to justify one of the great names he bears, and he has come out with a new Nationalist programme. The programme was sketched in two letters to Mr. Redmond which have been published during the week. He proposes that "we should endeavour to come to a working understanding with the various schools of thought between which the country is divided". To this end he would have a round-table conference with representatives of Sinn Fein, the Orangemen, the Parliamentary Nationalists, the United Irish League and various other organisations. With Mr. Healy in the chair this would be a most interesting gathering. We should all of us like to be there to see. Sir Thomas Esmonde urges that the co-operation between Liberals and Irish is now ended. He wants the battle-cry in future to be the Repeal of the Act of Union. Mr. Redmond's reply to these letters has not been published.

Chaos seems to reign in Belfast. The police seized the moment, when owing to the strike of dockers and carters their services were most needed, to advance demands of their own. Chiefly, they want more money, and unless a settlement satisfactory to themselves is arrived at, mutiny is more than possible. The extent of the disaffection is lamentable; the attempt to suppress the leader of the movement only adding to its intensity. Several battalions of troops with Maxim guns have been drafted into the city, and business is almost at a stand-still. Public opinion unfortunately appears to be on the side of the disaffected police, and it is extremely to be regretted that matters were allowed to drift to the present crisis. We are not prepared to say that the Irish police have no grievances, nor are we satisfied that the Irish Government under more than one régime has shown the Constabulary the consideration it deserves. But nothing justifies mutiny; and by their choice of a moment critical to public order to make their claim the police have put themselves wholly out of court.

The Army Bill has now passed through both Houses. The most interesting feature of its last appearance in the Commons was the discussion on cadet corps in schools. It will be remembered that the original clause in the Bill was dropped through the pressure brought to bear by the extremists. In the Lords it was restored; and eventually a compromise was effected, so that instead of public money being spent on corps made up of boys under sixteen, the County Associations will be allowed to devote private funds to their support. An amendment brought forward by the Labour members was defeated by 152 to 66.

Mr. Lambert has somehow missed his vocation in life. He had such a great reputation as a farmer that he was sent to sea—we believe that the Civil Lord of the Admiralty does go to sea on certain official occasions. He would probably have done better in journalism than in anything else. At any rate he thoroughly understands the good old journalistic tradition of not advertising a hated rival contemporary. During Wednesday's debate Mr. Lambert read out the "Standard's" list of groggy ships, but would not give the paper's name. "I am not going to give the paper an advertisement," he exclaimed. There never was a Government so sensitive as this one to newspaper criticism. We wonder it does not establish a press censor to black out all the passages in the wicked Unionist newspapers—the Liberal newspapers are naturally virtuous—that hurt its fine feelings. Lord Tweedmouth, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Asquith, and now the Civil Lord of the Admiralty, have all been sufferers of late. It is entertaining to notice their different ways of retaliation: Mr. Churchill slangs them in great style, whereas Mr. Lambert refuses them an advertisement.

In this debate nothing was said about the battleship programme until Mr. Lee got the Government to affirm its statement made at the beginning of the year. There can no longer be any doubt that the third battleship will have to be laid down, and directly the Hague Conference has finished its deliberations lost time must be made good. The announcement of intention on the part of the Board to devote its energy to the consideration of cruiser types, so that the programme for next year may include such unarmoured vessels as may be found best suited to our needs, will go some way to relieve the anxiety caused by the wastage of existing stock. A sufficient number of cruisers is the only guarantee for the safety of ocean-borne trade, as no country fighting for life will ever be found to respect rules of international law however well framed. It is satisfactory that the Admiralty is alive to the dangers arising from the deterioration of cordite. The amount of cordite that will have to be destroyed is enormous, but it is to be hoped that none will be kept until an "opportunity" for destruction arrives or, like B powder on board the "Jena", the older cordite may get tired of waiting and go off spontaneously.

Nothing new was said in the debate on the motion in the House of Lords for the creation of an additional judge. But Lord Alverstone made an apology for the circuit system which we think will be heard with amazement in the profession. According to him all the complaints that have been made on this head are without reason. He declared that there could be no gain of judicial strength for London or the other great centres by modifying the circuit system. What all the lawyers in the House of Commons admitted, what Sir Lawson Walton said there, what Lord James of Hereford said after Lord Alverstone, and what all the legal newspapers and the Bar Council have long been saying is all foolishness. What is the use of all the suggestions for grouping or other modifications of the system if the result is to be that no substantial increase of judicial time can be obtained? The Lord Chief Justice is evidently dead against any change but an increase of the judicial staff.

Judgment in the Chartreuse case has gone against the representatives of the Order. Mr. Justice Joyce says he is going to give his reasons for his decision after the Long Vacation. These "reasons" will be looked for with considerable curiosity. It will be time enough when we have the judge's reasons to go into the law of the case. What strikes one most, as the result of this action, is the monstrous hardship inflicted on the Carthusians by the French Associations Law. Here we have a society which for centuries has carried on a manufacture which had acquired an extremely valuable goodwill. The Government says, You cannot be recognised unless you are legally authorised. Accordingly the society applies for authorisation. This is refused and the whole of the property of the society, including the goodwill of the manufacturing business, is transferred to the State without any compensation. This is extortion by violence—as literally as any robbing of rich Jews by a feudal king in the Middle Ages.

We are threatened with two conferences, international of course, next week; one on school hygiene ("health", we suppose, is not grand enough for a conference; a monster word was necessary), the other on housing (we are, at any rate, spared "edifices"). August was chosen as the month for these meetings presumably out of consideration for the Londoner, who will now mainly escape them. It would be interesting to know how many people apart from the organisers expect anything to come of these international speech-makings. No doubt everyone who plays an active part in the proceedings will detect a certain value in them; but what he thinks of the rest of the business is much what the onlooker thinks of it all. A speech to an end is justifiable, and conversation is justifiable; but speeches in the air, not even intended to bring anything about, should be anathema after school and college days by every self-respecting soul.

However, apparently needs must be that conferences come, and, we add with thankfulness, go: and if we must have them, better excuse for their assembling could not be found than these questions of Health at School, and Housing. The Board of Education apparently shared our view of conferences, to judge by its early coldness to the "School Hygiene" meeting, but has not had the courage to stick to its contempt. No doubt Mr. McKenna was afraid of it being said that he cared nothing whether children were ill or well at school. The Housing Conference might even do some good, if it would direct itself to one or two definite questions and not rise until the Conference was satisfied that they had been answered. How far, for instance, if at all, is overcrowding connected with poverty, and how far with the moral character of the tenants? Or, in what way are housing problems affected by the existence of interests in the land intermediate between the freeholder and the occupier? There is certainly one good feature about the Housing Conference: all Churches and all sides in politics are represented fairly.

Nothing argues a greater want of imagination than the silly chatter about the possible politics and the sex problems and so forth of "the people in Mars". It is like the hugely popular novels describing life in the twenty-first or thirty-first century, and the wonderful inventions and discoveries of our descendants. The people who engage in this talk and write these books are so commonplace and so essentially without imagination that they have to turn to the huge or to the improbable to get any fresh idea or sense of wonder. These are the sort of people who see nothing wonderful on earth save the seven or eight or nine—we forget the number—"wonders of the world" which Mangnall or Pinnock tabulated—as if the composition of a pebble or a pea were not good enough for wonder and the baffling of all science! The chief speech at the British Association, Sir David Gill's, dealing with astronomy, necessarily appeals somewhat to the imaginative mind which must be fed on vast figures; but it appeals to a widely different class of mind by its exact and beautiful thought and its laborious detail and conclusions about star chart and measurement. To the lay mind the subject of stellar parallax is almost impossible; yet Sir David Gill's address was so clear and admirably arranged that it is quite intelligible to the unscientific.

Electricity in two ways has thrown down the gage to the motor-omnibus pioneers. Every new tube that is opened means the withdrawal of a line of omnibuses, and before the petrol-driven vehicle has been established on a profitable basis the hideous and hideously-named electrobus has come into effective competition. It is curious that at the very time when motor-omnibuses are being taken off the streets by the score because they do not pay, the motor-cab should be proving its profit-earning capacity. Already arrangements are in progress for putting large numbers of new motor-cabs on the London thoroughfares; the F.I.A.T. alone being prepared, it is said, to start four hundred immediately. Whether electricity can ever hope to supersede petrol is one of the problems which the proprietors of omnibuses and cabs alike have to face. Petrol has advanced so much in value that the cost of running motors to-day is more than double what it was a year or two ago. The inadequacy of the supply is a source of anxiety to all concerned in motor enterprise.

Ouida has not been too kindly treated. Whilst one paper has been arranging a benefit on her behalf, another has been in the old well-known heavy-virtue style shaking its head, shocked to think that the novelist should in common with other authors be helped even through the Royal Bounty Fund. To cap it all, Miss Corelli to the rescue with her offer of a ten or a twenty pound note and her patronage of Ouida's work! Fancy the exquisite pleasure felt by the author of "Two Little Wooden Shoes" when she felt herself kindly patted on the back by the greatest circulator on earth.

#### LORD CROMER'S RECORD.

LORD CROMER'S admirers—and they are about 99 per cent. of his educated fellow-countrymen—have little cause to regret the opposition, ungracious as it was, which the proposal to grant him £50,000 out of public funds had to encounter in the House of Commons. No doubt the division was not as satisfactory as it might have been. In a thin house as many as 107 members were found to vote against the grant, and the majority in favour of it was only 140—about half the number by which the Government are usually able to carry any proposal, however preposterous, against the regular Opposition. But if the malcontents were comparatively strong in the division lobby, they were singularly weak in debate. It is difficult to imagine a poorer case than that which was put up against the grant by the Irish Nationalists and the Labour members in the speeches of Mr. W. Redmond and Mr. Grayson.

From a national, not at all from a party point of view, we sincerely regret that any appreciable body of British members, even the extremists, should have shown hostility or indifference to the great achievements of Lord Cromer. If there were any consistency in the Radical and Socialist visionaries, he is the very man whom they should delight to honour, for no living statesman has raised so vast a number of the poorest and most oppressed of the human race to a hitherto undreamed-of degree of comfort, security and independence. The hostility of the Irish we can all understand. Incidentally Lord Cromer's work for the regeneration of Egypt has increased the reputation, the influence, and therefore the strength, of his own country. In their eyes the capital offence of enhancing the prestige and power of the United Kingdom, of strengthening one of the weakest points in our far-flung chain of Empire, is sufficient to obliterate all his services to humanity and civilisation. Indeed it almost seems to blind them to the existence of these services, obvious as they are to all foreign observers, even to those who cannot be accused of a friendly disposition towards Great Britain. But the British ultra-Radicals are in a different case. They can ill afford to disparage a man who has done more than anyone else for the very causes to which they are ceaselessly proclaiming their own devotion, merely because by doing so he has added lustre to the British name. What is the sum and substance of the Socialist gospel, reiterated again and again, and never more baldly stated than in Mr. Grayson's speech in opposition to this very grant? It is the supreme, the exclusive duty of the State to devote all its energies to raising the condition of the poorest class of the community, of the manual labourers who are living in penury or on the confines of it. But what class of men, within the reach of British statesmanship, was poorer than the fellahen of Egypt as Lord Cromer found them, or more exposed to arbitrary cruelty and wrong? To-day they are, as a class, among the labouring populations of the world, exceptionally prosperous and safe. No doubt they are not British working men. But what of that? If there is one thing our British Socialists profess to be proud of, it is their cosmopolitanism, their superiority to outworn prejudices in favour of their own country and race. Nay more. They are disposed to constitute themselves the special champions of the coloured races under British rule against the supposed selfishness and oppression of their white fellow-subjects. But here is a British statesman whose life's work is indissolubly associated with the elevation of a vast coloured labouring population. Unless the mere fact of being a British statesman at all, and as such loyal to British interests, is to be a bar to recognition, what can the Socialist, the cosmopolitan, the humanitarian find to cavil at in a record such as this?

Not the result certainly, but possibly the method, and the temper, of the man. Not that he is arbitrary, or unsympathetic. A genuine Liberal in the best sense of the word, with an intense love of justice, a real sympathy with the weak and oppressed, a singular freedom from British insularity or narrow-mindedness. "Nothing is more untrue", as Sir Edward Grey said in his fine and discriminate eulogy, "than to say that Lord Cromer has treated the Egyptians as an inferior



race. He has constantly enjoined on British officials that they should treat the natives with respect, sympathy, tact and discretion." And what he has enjoined on others, he has consistently practised himself. But it is one thing to be a Liberal in spirit, in act, and even in profession; quite another to place your whole faith in the nostrums and catchwords of latter-day Liberalism. That no doubt has not been Lord Cromer's way. He is what the Germans call a "Real-Politiker", if ever there was one, a man of facts and results, not of formulæ and phrases. It is made a reproach to him that he was no enthusiast for "free institutions" and did little to promote the "self-government" of the Egyptian people. And yet his work has been essentially that of a liberator. For the travesty of a European Parliamentary system, with which we had endowed Egypt before his arrival, he certainly found little use. He treated it indeed with respect, but he never professed to believe that in the present condition of Egyptian society Parliamentary government of the British type was even a remote possibility. But the last thing which can be said of his administration is that it did not make for the emancipation of the Egyptian people, or that it has not in fact resulted in the greatest degree of freedom which in their present state of progress they are capable of enjoying. From being individually slaves with no personal rights, and no security for the fruits of their labour, they have become independent men, masters of their own lives, and protected in regard to their own property by a law which knows no distinction between fellah, sheikh, and pasha. No country in the world can show such a record of progress with respect to the personal liberty of its inhabitants in the brief space of twenty years. But it is one thing to free a people from the oppression of centuries, another to endow them at one stroke with the capacity of working and maintaining a system of self-government of the most advanced European type. That would have been a miracle, and Lord Cromer, who is a statesman and not a charlatan, has neither attempted nor professed to work miracles. What he did do was sedulously to foster any rudimentary capacity for government on individual lines which he found among the natives of Egypt. Many, even among his "admirers", are apt to regard him as cherishing the ideal of a benevolent despotism. But they are wholly mistaken. Lord Cromer, no doubt, believed in "the absolute necessity" of the "protecting hand". He may scout the notion that Egypt, left absolutely to herself to-day, would advance along the road of civilisation and self-government, or that her people would be able to preserve that measure of prosperity and personal independence which they actually enjoy. But he has never lost sight of the fact that reforms inspired from without can only be of lasting benefit if they strike root in the soil in which they have been planted, or of the necessity of associating the Egyptians themselves, as far and as fast as possible, with the work of regenerating their country. No grosser libel could be spoken of him than to say, as Mr. Redmond did, that he wished the Egyptians to be only "hewers of wood and drawers of water" or that his policy had been "to check education with the intention of keeping the Egyptians in such a state of ignorance as would render their political advancement well-nigh impossible". That political advancement could only go along with the progress of education Lord Cromer no doubt was firmly convinced. But for that very reason he sought to make the foundations of popular education deep and solid, and to develop it as far as possible on national lines. It is surely the height of irony that these words of Mr. Redmond's should be spoken of a man, one of whose latest acts was to place not a European, not a Syrian or Armenian, but a native Egyptian Mohammedan of pronounced Nationalist sympathies, at the head of the Ministry of Education. And that step, bold, almost rash as it seemed to many even among the advocates of progress, has so far been justified by success.

These facts are the answer to another accusation, the commonest as it is the falsest, which superficial critics have advanced against Lord Cromer's methods of government. It is said that he cared only for material progress. Undoubtedly he produced it, and

produced it under conditions which seemed, and for some years actually were, little short of desperate. But the material progress which Egypt has achieved under his influence, great and even marvellous as it is, has been indissolubly allied with a work of social and moral recuperation. At the bottom of it all lies his constant care for strenuous, economical, incorruptible, impartial administration. We are accustomed to applaud the achievements of the Anglo-Indian engineers who have worked wonders in extending and securing the agricultural prosperity of the country. But there were great engineers in Egypt before the time of Sir Colin Moncrieff or Mr. Willcocks or Sir William Garstin. And yet incompetence, waste, corruption, favouritism defeated all the efforts of practical science. It is not dams and canals alone which can ensure that regular supply and fair distribution of water upon which the welfare of the Egyptian cultivator and the wealth of the whole country absolutely depend. The most intricate and elaborate machinery in the world, resting, as the irrigation system of Egypt does and must rest, entirely in the hands of Government, is useless, and worse than useless, without just and honest and competent administration. In the establishment of such administration with all its incalculable benefits to Egypt, to Great Britain, and to the world, it has been Lord Cromer's high privilege and the foundation of his lasting fame to play the principal part. He now leaves it as a legacy to be maintained and developed by his countrymen, working, as he has himself always sought to work, with the best elements in the native society of Egypt, which he has helped to raise from the degradation of centuries, and to guide in its first steps on the road to a higher civilisation.

#### AN AVENUE TO THE INFINITE.

SIR DAVID GILL'S Presidential Address to the British Association reminds us of the alternative theory of the action of drugs. According to that ingenious interpretation of therapeutic action, certain chemical substances have no specific effect on the diseases that they cure. Introduced to the physiological tides of the body, they set up a maelstrom of disorderly currents, the wildest floods and eddies, an overwhelming disturbance of all existing motions. When the storm settles and peace resumes its sway, it is found that the acquired habits of the tissues and organs have been shaken off, the later rhythms of disease are forgotten and the cells revert to the older, saner routine of health. Through some analogous process every intelligent man must pass who has brought his conception of the infinite in contact with Sir David Gill's presentation of the methods and results of astronomical science.

The infinite is as far from the grasp of the lowest savage as from that of the most cultured philosopher, and no farther. The knowledge of all the ages subtends no greater angle at the infinite than the meanest imaginings of the most stupid child. It is a region inhospitable to the mind of man, incongruous with his powers, where his most substantial architecture crumbles to an impalpable dust. It evades the most cunning meshes woven by the intellect; it scatters into chaos the mathematician's best-welded formula. It is a great flood, against which Mrs. Partington's mop is no feeble weapon than the finest engines of science. For these very reasons, because the child and the philosopher, the comfortable citizen and the dematerialised ascetic are alike powerless before it, we have domesticated the idea and made of it a familiar, almost meaningless term. Because it is incomprehensible to all, we all think we comprehend it.

Here comes the President of the British Association. I am not going, he says in effect, to talk to you of the infinite, but shall bring before you some large numbers, some complex forms of motion, some long periods of time. Be it noticed that however vast and complex are the objects and motions with which astronomers deal, these are scrutinised with a minute accuracy far more precise than what contents us in mundane affairs. The sun's distance from us is now known within a thousandth part of its actual amount. To realise what

that degree of accuracy means, consider the insignificance of the error involved if you know your own height within the thickness of a shilling. And presently, Sir David Gill informs us, astronomers will be able to measure the solar parallax within one ten-thousandth of its amount. When we pass from our own system to the stars, other units of measurement have to be adopted. The solar system is moving through space with a velocity of about twelve miles per second; that is to say, in a year it has moved through space a distance equal to four times that of the earth from the sun. And yet, although we are moving with that inconceivable velocity through space, it is only with the lapse of great periods of time that there is any apparent difference in our position relative to the fixed stars. Sir David Gill finds some historical rumour of such a change. The Southern Cross must have been visible, in the latitude of Judæa, low down on the southern horizon when the writer of Job added to Arcturus, Orion and the Pleiades the "chambers of the south". The vast distances of the stars have to be measured not in millions of miles, not in multiples of the diameter of the solar system, but in "light-years", the space that would be traversed by light in the course of a year. Within a sphere the radius of which is 560 "light-years" there are to be found, on the average, a series of stars of different magnitudes ranging from one giving from 100,000 to 10,000 times the light of the sun to 430,000 giving nearly the same amount of light, 600,000 giving one-tenth of the light of the sun, and beyond these indefinitely increasing numbers. The star-density in space, the number of stars per unit volume of space, appears to be fairly constant until we reach a distance of nearly 200 light-years from the sun, and afterwards to diminish until the distance of 2,500 light-years is reached, after which uncertainty begins.

The complexity of the cosmos appears to be as overwhelming as its numerical and spatial relations. According to the luminous metaphor quoted by the President, if the stars were fixed and the solar system were hurtling through space, a phenomenon would be visible similar to that which occurs when a man drives rapidly through a wood. The trees as he approaches them seem to open out and recede from each other, whilst the trees from which he drives away close up behind him; so also the stars in the direction to which the sun is travelling would appear to recede from one another, whilst the stars that were being left behind would draw together. But the stars are not fixed; each has its own proper motion, and it is only by incredibly patient labour that the proper motions are being disentangled from the changes due to the motion of our system. The watching astronomer is whirling round the axis of the earth; the earth is revolving round the sun, and sun and earth are moving through space amongst moving stars. It would be little wonder if the task of resolving these motions had proved insuperable, but Sir David tells us that some order in the cosmic motion is becoming apparent, that in fact it appears to consist of two great streams rushing in opposite directions. Both streams are alike in design, in chemical constitution and in process of development. Finally, spectral analysis has revealed that many of the nebulae are composed not of stars but of the inchoate matter out of which stars are formed, and that every gradation exists between these and active suns like our own, and between these and almost heatless and invisible balls of matter. The whole period of the history of mankind has been too short, even if observations had been recorded from the time of primitive man to the present day, to trace the progress of evolution in any particular star, but the theory that the different states are different stages in evolution is the only one tolerable to the human mind.

Here then is matter to inform our conception of infinity with a real meaning, to change it from a smooth counter to an appalling reality. We may affect to reconcile many of our bland theories with the emptiness into which we have transformed the word infinity; can we reconcile them with the prodigious numbers, the vast spaces and endless complexity of the cosmos as described by the President of the British Association, although these are infinitely short of infinity? Out the disconcerting attempt, however, there comes

one comfortable assurance. In the abysses of space astronomers have found no chaos, but the same "superhuman fixedness of law" displayed in terrestrial matter. The motions of the farthest stars are congruous with the motions of molecules; in the glowing masses that Sir David Gill has finely called the "crucibles of the Creator" there is revealed familiar matter and familiar states of matter. Man's observation of the heavens assures and confirms his observations of the earth.

#### THE STEUNENBERG TRIAL.

AS an indication of the political, social, and industrial condition of the United States the Steunenberg murder trial is of very great importance. It is one amongst many lights that have been thrown on the welter of American conditions by recent trials in the law courts. The Thaw trial was one; the prosecution of the Mayor of San Francisco and the labour leaders was another; the proceedings now going on against the trusts is a third. They all reveal scandals and corruptions of which the very kindest that can be said is that they are signs of a thoroughly unhealthy body politic. In the Steunenberg trial it has been possible to obtain the acquittal of the officials of a trade union, the Western Miners' Federation, on charges of murder by showing the probability that the murders were instigated by the men's employers in order to discredit the union. This was the defence of Haywood, the secretary and treasurer of the union, in reply to the accusations made by Orchard, who had been the instrument of one or the other of them. In the fiercest struggles of capital and labour in England such a turning of the tables would never have been possible. That this has happened in America shows either that a jury thinks the temper of the employers is as murderous, in the heat of contest, as the men's; or that the jury has been intimidated through fear of the revenge which the trade unionists will take if their officials are convicted. We cannot say whether of these alternatives is true. Orchard's confessions were extorted by the detective of a private firm which has made itself notorious by its employment in American labour troubles on behalf of the employers. It has furnished armed men to shoot down strikers, as for instance at Mr. Carnegie's place at Pittsburg. One of the detectives of this firm was given a free hand to manage Orchard, and the allegations are that he wore down his nerves and brought him to the point of starvation in the process. If an English detective had used such means, though he holds a more independent position than a detective of one of the interested parties, it is safe to say that the confession would have been disregarded by an English jury. An American jury may quite honestly have acted in the same way; and it is to be observed that all the accounts say that the corroboration of Orchard's evidence was of the very slightest. On the other hand during the trial there were great demonstrations in which the acquittal of the prisoners was demanded; and it is possible to represent the verdict as having been obtained by intimidation.

This conclusion is what is in favour with those who are alarmed by the decision of the jury. If the jury were really acting bona fide and voluntarily, there is ample room for disgust at the verdict on the part of those who sympathize with the employers. The speeches of counsel for the defence are described as being for the most part sheer socialistic harangues. The trial has been a pitched battle between the two parties of capitalism and labour, each of which was determined to crush the other. In the present state of tension between the two powers in America the significance of the verdict extends beyond the State of Idaho. President Roosevelt was quickly taunted by the telegram which reminded him that he had described the "predatory rich men" as "undesirable citizens" fit to be ranked with Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone; but that Haywood had been acquitted. The President was therefore in effect reminded that it was now the time for the "predatory rich men" to stand their trial. The President lost no time in publishing the telegram;



and it is evident why he did so. His action against the trusts will be represented as playing into the hands of those who won the Steunenberg trial. He must dissociate himself from any shadow of sympathy with the men who are claiming it as an anti-capitalist victory. It will almost certainly weaken his intended policy against the trusts, unless we suppose that American public opinion in general is more afraid of the trusts than it is of the extreme champions of labour, trade unionists or socialists. But it is hardly likely that this point has yet been reached, and most probably the majority of Americans are angry at the result of the trial, as they had expected a conviction. There was a *prima facie* case against Haywood and his colleagues; it was credible from the antecedents of similar unions that crimes had been committed at the instigation of the Western Federation, and that Governor Steunenberg had been murdered in revenge for his repression of riotings at the time of the strikes. They are, therefore, doubtless startled and alarmed that such a party of lawlessness should have won their victory apparently by capturing the machinery of the courts. During the struggles between the strikers and the employers' association the State authorities were denounced by the men as the tools of the employers, and were accused of using the forces of the State on the side of capitalism for the purpose of thwarting the economic struggle with the employers. Now the men are exultant because when the employers try to crush the union by another legal process, and by accusing it of being a murderous association, the attempt has failed, and the court has been on the side of the men. We may expect that the men will be insolent in their triumph. They will brag and boast more Americano; and this will intensify the increasing bitterness between capital and labour. It appears they are to carry their brag and bluster so far as to put up Haywood as a candidate for the Presidency. The immediate effect of the trial will be that labour troubles will be locally intensified in Idaho; and the decision will be used as argument on both sides in the general conflict between labour and capital.

#### THE CITY.

YET another low record has been made by Consols during the week, business having been done at 82½. It is melancholy to see the premier security at such a figure, but it is no criterion of British credit, nor is it a sign of financial weakness in the City. Sales have had to be made by financial houses, but for quite legitimate purposes. Capital cannot be kept liquid or idle: it must be put out at interest, and Consols, being the most easily realised security, have always been and always will be the best medium for its employment. In the last few weeks it has become necessary to realise capital to provide payment for new issues. In the ordinary course of business financial houses have underwritten the new East Indian Railway and the Southern Manchurian Railway Loans, and through the apathy of the investing public have been called upon to make good their obligations. Sales of Consols have been the necessary sequence and the inevitable result has been a fall in values. As the instalments on the new loans fall due it may be imperative to effect further realisations, in which case Consols may depreciate still more. It is all a question of supply and demand: at the moment trade is absorbing the larger portion of the surplus funds of the country, and there is no demand for low-yielding securities. If trade slackened and money became cheaper Consols would immediately become popular. The present value of money is somewhat artificial. The position of the Bank of England is quite strong. Yet we have the Bank rate at 4 per cent. and open-market rates of discount correspondingly high. It may be good policy to keep up the official quotation in view of possible calls upon the Reserve later in the year, but a too cautious attitude does not always inspire confidence, and the Bank of England directors would be doing a real service if they pulled down their storm signals by lowering their rate.

The course of Home Railway stocks is deplorable. Within the last two years or so we have seen a deprecia-

tion in values of from 20 to 50 per cent. This week quite a heavy fall has taken place and the reason is not easy to understand. "Spread of socialism" many people tell us is the cause of the most recent decline, but it seems incredible that those who have held stocks consistently through the fat and lean years of the past should now take fright at this so-called "bogy". At the same time the difficulties between the companies and the men can only be aggravated by such speeches as Lord Claud Hamilton's and Mr. Cosmo Bonsor's refusing to recognise the Railway Men's Union. This question apart, Home Railway stocks are now at a level when the investor should be attracted; prices are "full of dividend", the yield is quite satisfactory, and there is always the prospect that quotations will regain what they have lost in the last two years. Short passenger lines are less attractive than goods-carrying companies, but at 77 Brighton Deferred cannot be considered dear, nor can Great Eastern at 66. There are better chances for permanent capital appreciation here than in the American railway market, and Argentine, Brazilian, and Mexican railway stocks are quite fully valued. Probably what will cause most concern to Home Railway stockholders in the future will be the development of electricity, whereby existing traction will be displaced and millions of capital merely represented by the "scrap heap". But it does not appear that it will be the near future, and directorates of various companies are quite alive to the possibilities and should be able to finance any new schemes by gradual diversion of funds.

Tired of waiting for a public willing to speculate in mining, several dealers have started a market in rubber shares. Hitherto the principal business in this class of share has been in Mincing Lane, and a very profitable one it has proved to many brokers. The moment, however, is opportune for extending the range of dealings and the public who hold shares will appreciate the advantage of a freer market. It is to be hoped, however, that the formation of a new market in the "House" will not lead to the creation and flotation of a number of rotten rubber companies. Mincing Lane has always kept the industry quite clean, and we do not wish to see it damned by speculative manoeuvres in Throgmorton Street. The failure of a well-known firm of jobbers has depressed the mining market during the last few days—much to the chagrin of those people who are anxious to engineer another "boom" in Siberian shares. The methods adopted are not altogether creditable, and the public will do well to be on guard against information which comes from "independent experts (?)"

#### INSURANCE.

##### NORWICH UNION—CLERGY MUTUAL.

THE reports of two interesting life offices are issued comparatively late in the year, and may be considered together because, though both accomplish excellent results, they work on very different lines. The two offices are the Norwich Union Life and the Clergy Mutual. The Norwich Union, unlike most purely mutual societies, is extremely progressive and does an enormous new business. In the course of 1906 the society issued nearly 7,000 new policies, assuring more than four millions, and yielding over £200,000 in premiums. Year after year the society beats its own records, and once again this volume of new business is larger than on any previous occasion. The Norwich Union, moreover, manages its business with great economy, the expenditure last year being only 49 per cent. of the new premiums and 4·9 per cent. of renewal premiums, as compared with an average expenditure by British offices of 80 per cent. and 8 per cent. When accompanied by economy of this kind a large new business is of benefit to the existing members, since with careful medical examination—and the Norwich Union declined proposals for over £900,000—this influx of new lives should have a favourable effect upon the mortality and consequently upon the bonuses of the society. The funds yielded interest at the rate of 4½ per cent., and as the liabilities are valued on 4

2½ per cent. basis there is a margin of £1 15s. per cent. per annum of the funds accumulating for surplus.

While growing larger year by year, a point of relatively little importance, the Norwich Union has been growing steadily stronger and stronger, which is a matter of supreme importance. At every valuation for a long time past the reserves have been strengthened, and at the same time the bonuses have increased. The energy of the management, the success of its efforts, the rapid strengthening of the reserves and the accompanying improvement in bonuses make a result probably without precedent among life assurance companies.

The Clergy Mutual Assurance Society is an office of an altogether different character. Conspicuous for exceptional financial strength, for giving very large bonuses on policies which are issued at extremely low rates of premium, and for a rate of expenditure that is singularly small, the society deliberately limits the sphere of its operations and is content with an amount of new business that does but little more than replace the assurances which run off the books by claims and surrender. Partly perhaps because of the excellent valuation results of last year the new business was considerably larger than usual, both in the number of policies and in the amounts of the sums assured by them. It is pleasant to see this increase of new business, not because it is a matter of importance to existing policyholders, but because it is always satisfactory to see the best offices meeting with increased appreciation. The Clergy Mutual employs no agents, and pays no commission for the introduction of business; a natural consequence of this is that its rate of expenditure is very small. Although the cost of the quinquennial valuation comes into the accounts for the year ending with May 1907, the expenses only absorbed 8·3 per cent. of the premium income: this is but little more than half the average expenditure of British offices, and if the profit paid to shareholders in proprietary companies were reckoned as an expense, as we think it should be, the rate of expenditure in the Clergy Mutual would probably be rather less than half the average rate of other offices. While holding funds which would meet all liabilities if interest were earned at the rate of only 2½ per cent., the actual yield was over 4 per cent., which leaves a large margin to accumulate for future bonuses. One important factor which helps to make the Clergy Mutual results so good is the favourable rate of mortality among the members. The claims by death last year involved the payment of only about £75 for each £100 that would have had to be paid if the deaths had occurred according to the mortality table employed in the society's valuation. This longevity among the policyholders means very substantial profits, partly because the society retains in hand, and earns interest upon, money which would have to be paid sooner if the assured died earlier, and partly because in many cases a larger number of annual premiums are received from these long-living policyholders. Not the least attractive of the advantages given by the Clergy Mutual are the favourable conditions in its policies: not only are the cash surrender values large, but when paid-up policies are taken these continue to share in the profits. This is a condition to be found in very few other companies, and makes a great difference to the final results. Membership of the society is limited to the clergy and their connexions, and for anybody wishing to assure a clerical relative to good advantage it is a distinct acquisition.

#### INSIDE THE HOUSE.

(BY A MEMBER.)

THE Evicted Tenants got themselves reinstated and those installed got themselves evicted as far as a House of Commons majority could manage the matter by beginning and finishing the Report stage of the Bill on Monday last. Sufficient time had been allotted by the Government for the passage of this remarkable manifesto of alternating injustice to permit of the first clause only being discussed; the remainder were closed by compartments and assisted on their way

to become law at the cost of no greater sacrifice than the remnants of Mr. Birrell's temper.

The burden of Irish administration is evidently too much for the back of the present Chief Secretary, who no doubt by this time has discovered that hard-bitten fact and high-flown sentiment are packs of different carriage. The lesson has not been learnt without a wringing of the withers, and the Right Honourable gentleman may well look forward to a time when he can kick himself free from the tight trappings of Cabinet portfolios in order to propel the bath-chair of justice on the bench.

The vote for Lord Cromer came as a refreshing draught in comparison to the tedious process of swallowing the dregs of measures which is all the sustenance that Grand Committees leave for the consumption of the House. Mr. Willie Redmond had worked himself up into the necessary state of inflamed indignation, which, one must suppose, had been smouldering within him for the last twenty-five years, but failed of an outlet until Thursday last. It was evident from his speech however that the turning over of Lord Cromer's career with a muckrake had resulted in complete disappointment; sniff where he would, nothing noisome came between the wind and the nobility of West Clare. Compelled therefore to fall back on his own resources Mr. Redmond banged his gong with no greater success than to cause a supporter on the Radical benches to vent his pent-up disappointment by ejaculating "Rot" at a critical period of rhetoric. This unkind cut of truth finished the business for Mr. Redmond; the string of his ballistic bombast was pulled, and his speech sagged to an end with all the dismal circumstance of a wind-bound bagpipe. His seconder, Mr. Kettle, came charged to the chin with words, but he had been no more fortunate than his predecessor in finding material for his case or reason for his action, and both these gentlemen would have been completely gravelled for lack of matter had not the Denshaw incident—for them luckily—occurred, and so provided a peg on which to hang an indictment worthy only of a briefless "shyster". The facts of this misfortune as subsequently detailed, for the second time, by Sir Edward Grey were of course fully known by both Lord Cromer's detractors, but this knowledge did not hinder them from drawing a picture very similar in the methods of its make-up to the faked photographs of Irish outrage that have recently provided such convenient incense for patriotic indignation. Sir Edward Grey's quiet repetition of the word "unfair" in alluding to this instance of calculated perversion was all the refutation and rebuke needed to make the truth straight and penetrate the sensibility of any with a skin less thick than a non-skid Nationalist.

The majority for the vote should have been larger, but, as in the case of all foregone conclusions when the Government cannot be beaten, many seize upon the certainty and take a few hours' holiday; others were absent from sheer distaste of the attack expected; but as probably none were away who were opposed to the grant (so much the readier does humanity rally to an unkind than a courteous action), it may be reckoned that Lord Cromer really had a good thumping majority of 500 in his favour, a remarkable victory even for genius in a House containing so many ever ready to snap at the heels of success.

Another speaker who was distinguished with the curiosity of his audience during the debate was Mr. Grayson of Colne Valley. Dubbing himself an Independent Socialist, a paradoxical description, and presumably being at variance from the views of all sects and sections in the House, it was disappointing to find that those he held himself were at all events in common with Hyde Park.

Originality, if it is to be sought or established, will have to make good its claim on some securer foundation than a style that is easily imitated outside, but generally avoided inside the House. Though the remarks of the speaker had little to do with the question at issue, and were prefaced by the astonishing but perhaps innocent impertinence that the crowded benches were indicative of an eagerness to hear the new member, the House continued its attention, and



imparted to Mr. Grayson a silent lesson in courtesy that seemingly has not yet sunk in. Speaking at the Caxton Hall a few evenings later, the "tenderfoot" from Colne Valley informed his hearers, after a week-long experience, that they should go to the House of Commons for an exhibition of "third-rate intellectual mediocrity"; this strain tempts one to fear that our Independent Socialist has unconsciously christened himself, with perhaps the possible difference that time may even put him on a yet lower rating.

Sir Edward Grey brought fresh air to the atmosphere after the fumes caused by Mr. Willie Redmond's damp gunpowder and Mr. Grayson's abortive brimstone. By a quiet recitation of incontrovertible fact he shepherded any possible waverer and uttered the last word of eulogy in the public career of a great man.

Various measures of minor importance are taken in the small hours, and amongst them the Lords' amendments to the Army Bill have been discussed and accepted. Exception was taken to that permitting cadet corps in schools when not raised at the public expense. That old bogey "the military spirit" was once more heard rattling his chains and frightened the Labour party into fits. Mr. Wedgwood increased the alarm to panic proportions with the information that his own offspring played at pirates by day and robbers by night with passionate devotion, a recital that caused Mr. Shackleton's flesh to creep as he stood up and vowed with shaky voice that no son of his should ever play at soldiers, man or boy. But the amendment was carried, and the nightmares of the minority will doubtless be sensibly eased by the reflection that sleep should be at least secure for those who neither fight nor find money for their defence.

#### CHANGES AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE season of summer exhibitions is practically over. Interest in art matters is for the moment centred on the National Gallery; on the rehangings of the pictures by the new Director; on the recently acquired portrait by Van Dyck; and on the question of a Turner Gallery. To this last matter I hope to return another day.

Considering the magnificent array of Van Dyck portraits in this country, the artist's representation in the national collection is meagre enough. And an example of his Genoese period was certainly a desirable acquisition. Yet, though a fine portrait, it is not a typical portrait of that period. It has none of the princely dignity of those full-length canvases of senators and great ladies, which have imbibed the glow of the Italian air and which with their deliberate richness of handling make even some of the finest and most famous of the later English portraits look a little hasty and slight in comparison. The Cataneo portrait is a small half-length; and though it differs in style both from the Antwerp portraits and the English portraits of Van Dyck, it does not unmistakably suggest an Italian sitter or Italian influence. Something, no doubt, it owes to Titian, but it is not conceived in Titian's mood, or the mood of any Venetian. It has not the deep suffusing sense of beauty, removing the subject into a world of its own. In its force and realism it leans rather to affinity with the best Dutch art. This is mere accident, for the real reason, I think, of this unusual mood in the painter is to be found simply in the personality of the sitter. No artist was more impressionable than Van Dyck; and this North Italian, ruddy-complexioned, self-assertive, with aggressively set mouth, challenged the young Fleming with his own forcibleness to a corresponding mood. The trenchant quality of the painting doubtless gives the picture a special appeal to the taste of our day. Thirteen thousand five hundred pounds is a big price, even for a fine Van Dyck. Yet the fact must be faced that for first-rate pieces and first-rate painters of classic fame prices are enormous; and it is precisely work of this kind which we want for the National Gallery. What would be fatal to the character of the collection would be to fill up with works of second-rate interest. The

question of price is therefore of no consideration compared with the question of choice. The Van Dyck is not a purchase which carries irresistible conviction as a choice of peculiar felicity. But now that it is the nation's property, let us cordially acknowledge that it is a picture which the nation should be glad to have. Meanwhile the Berlin Gallery has just acquired from England a small painting which I believe might have been bought for no large sum by our National Gallery trustees. This is the "Crucifixion" by Conrad Witz, a reproduction of which appeared in the May number of the "Burlington Magazine". I have only seen the reproduction and not the picture itself, but from Mr. Claude Phillips' description in the article accompanying the reproduction, and from what good judges who have seen it say, the painting seems certainly one that it is regrettable to have lost; a case in which the rarity of the master and the beauty of the work combine to make a claim of high interest, quite beyond that of secondary work by famous masters. The weakness of the German school in the Gallery, due partly to dearth of its paintings in England but partly to lamentable surrenders to Berlin, makes any passing of fine German work from our shores a thing not, in any case, to be lightly considered.

The rehangings of the collection continues. Those who have not been to Trafalgar Square for some time have many surprises in store for them. Quite a number of pictures appear as new arrivals, having lurked hitherto in dim corners or been set in unsympathetic surroundings or skied. There are people who resent such changes as a kind of personal affront; they like to know that they can go straight to a particular wall and find their favourite hanging where it has always hung. But this is vanity. I am not sure that it would not be well to have a periodic rehangings, simply because the mere transposition of a picture has often power to shock us into a new impression of its beauty. It is not as if an ideal arrangement were possible with so large a collection. For that, the gallery should be twice its present size, though it is less crowded probably than the majority of continental public galleries. Sir Charles Holroyd's rearrangement is not yet complete, but it promises to be a great improvement, and on many of the changes he is wholly to be congratulated. Visitors should not omit to descend to the basement, where the Arundel water-colours from Italian frescoes have been entirely set out afresh in connected order with admirable effect. Photographs have been banished from the staircase walls, and a few large pictures hung in their place; the two great canvases by James Ward, which once hung there, having gone to Millbank. The first change that strikes one in the galleries themselves is the removal of the screens. This is especially noticeable in the Venetian room. As a matter of fact, I believe that quite small pictures like the Bellini portraits were seen to better effect on the screens. That is one of the chief difficulties of arrangement in a gallery like ours, in which there are no "cabinets" (as, for instance, at Dresden) where small pictures can be placed by themselves. On a large wall they are rather swamped by the big canvases, while they also distract from the broad effects of the latter. Undeniably, however, the absence of screens adds immensely to the general appearance of the large rooms. It is much more exhilarating to have a clear unbroken view down the "long glories" of the Venetians to where the eye rests, beyond the further arch, on the regal "Alexander" of Veronese. The new position of this last picture is one of the Director's happiest thoughts. How superb, too, is the row of portraits by Morone, Moretto, Bordone, Lotto! I think it is a decided gain that the later phases of each school are shown now together with the earlier, Guido and the Caracci with Francia; Canale and Tiepolo with Veronese.

In the long Dutch room everybody, I think, will be arrested by the two De Koninck landscapes, which have never been rightly seen before. They are splendid examples of this artist, who in his figure-drawings comes nearer to Rembrandt than any of the other Dutchmen, but who in his paintings is known almost entirely for his landscapes with their great horizons. Pater's praise of them will be remembered.

The smaller Dutch room is the least satisfactory in effect, chiefly because it has so many dull pictures. The famous Avenue of Hobbema is well placed on the line; and the three wonderful De Hooghs, all in black frames, are hung in a row together. This is an excellent plan for a near view, as they are on a level with the eye. But at a distance the effect, with a large dark Eckhout above and three tiny landscapes below, is top-heavy. The room once devoted to a miscellany of late Italians is now given up to Rubens and Van Dyck. One can only wish that it had been possible to have the Rubenses alone, and nothing else to fritter the impression of their magnificence. They look magnificent as it is. What a feast for the eye, what a liberal education for the painter, is the "Peace and War", as one can study it now at close quarters! Its opulence of colour, its energy of brush, are simply overwhelming. The German school is now in process of rearrangement, and a central place in the best light is being given to the royal and adorable "Christina" of Holbein, always too obscurely placed before.

The English rooms have been scarcely touched. I hope Sir Charles Holroyd will find a better place for Hogarth's brilliant "Shrimp Girl", instead of the dark corner she has occupied too long. Crome's "Slate Quarries" also should come down from the skies. A very striking effect is made by the hanging of James Ward's "Harlech" between the "Valley Farm" and "Cornfield" of Constable. To my mind the Constables are overpowered by the massive breadth and design of the Ward. Justice has never been done to that masculine painter, chiefly no doubt because we have all been too apt to look at modern art in historical perspective and to undervalue those who, like Ward, made no new discoveries in the science of landscape painting. His two huge canvases which, as I have said, have gone to Millbank, look magnificent in their new surroundings. And one must not forget the fine "Bulls Fighting" at South Kensington. I regret that I had no opportunity to write of a small exhibition of James Ward's work which was held in Mount Street this summer. It consisted chiefly of drawings. Beginning as a mezzotint-engraver, and an admirable one, Ward drew in his youth with the easy grace of Morland. Many of his early water-colour studies of rustic figures have great charm of style and colour. Afterwards he became more emphatic and sometimes unpleasantly hard. He painted numerous pictures of cattle and horses, but he broke away altogether from tame Dutch traditions, and in his feeling for the life of the wild animals, their energy and fierceness, he showed himself remarkable and had influence on great artists who came after him.

LAURENCE BINYON.

#### THIN PARTITIONS.

**H**ALF mankind thinks the other half mad—not lockupable, straw and sceptre mad—but "dotty". The other half knows it—of the former. Nor is the trouble so simple as that, for the two halves are so inextricably intermingled that at last it comes to this, that every individual knows that he is sane on all points and that everyone else is mad—somewhere.

The line is in fact a "scientific" frontier, traced on the map by homekeeping diplomats whose boots are speckled of the mud of the country. In the inhabited regions, trodden of men since man was, the line is fairly plain. They have paved a good deal of the road and you can follow your nose. Often, it is marked out by natural limits which science has condescended to adopt. Often there are alternative paths, so that though men differ, though every man is sure that he is on the right side of the hedge and the other fellow on the wrong, he can tolerantly say: "It doesn't much matter. The paths meet at the next stile." But when the line leaves the common crofts, the vulgar thorpes, and seeks the mountain, when man explores the un-mapped country of Art or Poetry or Philosophy, he is reduced for guidance to his memory of the direction in which the scientific frontier is drawn on the map, and the movements of his own private and peculiar pocket-compass. And very strange and fantastic are the steps which most pocket-compasses dance.

Yet most of us have to travel the road, to beat the bounds for ourselves soon or late. No doubt, the mass of our humanity consists of tame villatic souls, quite content to tend our three acres and cosset our cow, without attempting Alpine ascents. Even so, we watch with interest the climbers yonder in their search for the true lines. We criticise unmercifully their weird deviations from the path of rectitude. "There's the line", we say, "marked in red ink on the map, as plain as you please. A bee-line, you observe, to the summit. And that blinkard has quite missed it. Look at the fool zigzagging about. Why the longitude can't he walk straight up the line?"

Ah! But the line is only marked on our maps, not on the hillside. By some oversight of the chartographers, their scientific frontier between sanity and insanity, between true and false, is nothing like so plain, when you get to it, as the map suggests.

And once in a while every man has, will he nil he, to start up the hill himself, to try his hand at solving the riddle. With whatever measureless content he may shut himself in his potato-patch, some day he will have to leave it. We do not mean finally, but for a short excursion into the hills. Some day he will have the influenza and be for a while mildly delirious. (If some robust person do not see the necessity, we can only plead that Kingsley proved the non-existence of babies in the moon by showing that where there was no atmosphere there could be no whooping-cough, that if they did not have whooping-cough they were not babies, ergo, no babies. In the same way it is evident, no influenza, no man—at all events no Briton. Or, if influenza be objected to, any delirium will do. A little fever is all that is required. If anyone prefer it, he may have cerebro-spinal meningitis or even induce ecstasy with opium or the baser alcohol. It is, as Rabelais says, all one to Frank.)

Being, from whatever cause, lightheaded, he will find that his mind will travel whither it never went before, will betake itself to regions hitherto unvisited, regions very often to which it had made itself up never to go. De Quincey, we know, says that a man whose talk is of oxen will dream of oxen, but all experience contradicts him. It is not the only "sentiment open to doubt" in his splendid fallacious book. On the contrary, a sick man will find that his respectable common-sense fog-hot brain will meddle with mighty matters. He will find that he seems to understand as never before the painful riddle of existence. He will hold in the hollow of his hand the answer that has eluded him so long, he will know how and why and what it is all about.

It may be that we misuse the word delirium. Doctors, for what we know, may assert that in true delirium the patient is unconscious. But whatever it be called, most people know the semi-conscious ecstatic state to which we allude. A most blissful state. For though we are quite aware all the time that we are we, and that we are pretty ill at that, the wild delight of knowing at last all that we want to know repays us a thousandfold for any suffering we may feel. It is all delusion—of course. And yet—even after recovery we feel that we have been near the truth. We used to scoff at the lines about the soul's dark cottage, but, since we have been battered and decayed two or three times by influenza, we begin to think that there is something in them.

All illusion. It is like the wondrous poetry we write in dreams of which, if any survive the waking, we are ashamed, so full of platitudes, misplaced cæsuras and false assonances is it. Health returns to us and we first doubt, then forget our sublime certainties. Like a concert audience that has been half rapt to heaven but at the first bar of "God save the King" hastens to huddle on its opera-cloak over the plumes that seemed just sprouting, glancing timidly or defiantly around, lest haply any should have marked its emotion, we rush back to common-sense and the workaday world as quickly as we may. Even if we remember, as in part and for a while we sometimes do, our beatific visions, false shame makes us hide them away. If we try to write down some of our impressions, we look at them askance. We criticise. We doubt whether after all they are up to much. They



smell of apoplexy. We burn them post-haste. Perhaps it is this that really differentiates a poet, that he, alone of mortals, can with happy audacity, with glorious impudence, with cold ink and chilly paper, give permanence to his dreams.

Even to us who are no poets, the thought that we too have been, for a brief space, free of the poet's realm brings comfort. That, thanks to a beneficent microbe, we too have soared, lends a faint radiance to life. And, as the microbe is tolerably sure to revisit us ere long, it is pleasant to think that he will bring with him pleasure as well as pain. As we cannot, nor would if we could, quite rid ourselves of the fancy that there must, after all, have been something in those dreams, we rejoice that the partitions between us and truth are so thin that a microbe can shake them, so slight that they must, in the course of nature, soon be broken down for ever.

## MEMORIES OF MANNERS.

### I.—DRESS.

CLOTHES, said Carlyle, are the types of social institutions, and certainly dress is significant of manners. Now we think less of conventionalities than of comfort. In the daily obituary we read of the demise of a "gentleman of the old school", which the memorialist regretfully remarks is dying out. We recall the departed, as we remember him at the clubs and elsewhere, clean-shaven, benignant of aspect, deliberate of speech, courteous to all and affable to his inferiors. Above all, we remember him by the precision of his dress, from the starched cravat and the slightly frilled shirt to the carefully polished shoe-leather. The costume was the outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual graces. He was a survival of the race who were laid to rest in the family vault beneath an inscription of many lines, recording good deeds and commemorating virtues. The old school is dying out, the old order is passing, with its formalities and punctilious observance of the conventionalities, and one naturally asks is the change for the better? We incline to conservatism as the days go on, and I own myself laudator temporis acti; but as for the clothes, I am free to confess that there is much to be said for more free-and-easy manners. I leave deductions to others and merely note some memories of the past. One of the best and kindest friends of my boyhood was an ancient beau of the second quarter of the last century. He had lived fast, wrecked a fine fortune, and retired to a provincial town on a small annuity. Punctually, each Saturday, he would call at my preparatory school, to take me out for a walk with a call at the pastrycook's, and we seldom parted without some trifling tip. Yet the pleasure was not all unmixed, for though his figure must have been familiar, the people would stare. His wear was a blue cut-away with brass buttons, a buff waistcoat the colour of yolks of eggs, white jean pantaloons and buckled shoes. In rain or sunshine, mud or dust, he seemed to walk unspotted by the world. Above all there was a well-brushed beaver hat, the only beaver I ever saw, to my knowledge. For the beavers had gone out before my time, the silk that might have been "shined" by Day and Martin had come in, and Lock, who still shows the old green shutters in S. James' Street, and Jupp were at the top of the trade. A silk hat was the most unwelcome present I ever had. It was a far cry from Eton to the North, and when I was compelled to sport the new headpiece of a Sunday, like Rob of the charitable grinders in his shorts, I walked the streets like an early Christian martyr. With the evolution of the new style came great industrial changes still in course of development. The trappers of the Far West carried their scalps back to the settlements, and the home hat trade came with a boom and a rush. The beaver had defied all weathers: the silk was ruined with one heavy shower and suffered severely when taken on nocturnal rounds from Evans' or the Argyle to Vauxhall or Cremorne. And so the hatter flourished exceedingly, till felts and billycocks have been superseding the silken tile. Twenty or even half a score of years ago, if you went into the hall of one of the clubs in the season, there were nothing but the silks to be

seen on the hat-pegs. Only here and there some literary or artistic light, sporting a slouch or a sombrero by way of advertisement, ventured to set the prejudices of society at defiance. Now, especially on wet days, the hall of the club is what would then have been regarded as a museum of eccentricities, and your hatter periodically sends touching appeals, reminding you that months have gone by since he was favoured with your orders. Again, if you turn to the columns of the "Field", or any of the smart journals, you will be tempted by all manner of attractive advertisements of wrappers for shooting and fishing, riding, driving and motoring. In my youth, when you were seated on the top of a coach you were happy in the possession of a tight-fitting Petersham, and the legs, unless you made friends with the guard, were left to look after themselves. The professional driving-coats alone seemed built for eternity, and I remember through a soaking day looking enviously into Captain Barclay's expanse of back as he coached his Defiance southwards. When he descended before the "Salutation" at Perth he shook himself, and emerged "dry as a toast". I remember little about waterproofs, though Mackintosh must then have patented an invention eminently suited to the misty country of his clan. The first of the tolerably satisfactory overgarments was the poncho imported from the Pampas, but soon to be superseded by the Highland adaptation of the Inverness cape. That was popular for a time, but in a blustering climate it was less suited to the free play of the limbs than the plaid of the hillman. I believe the last man who stuck to it was that staunch old Conservative, the late Mr. Markham Spofforth. For the invaluable frieze Ulster we were indebted to watery Ireland. But the most notable changes, and all for the better, have been in the costume for out-of-doors work of all kinds. Now I cannot conceive how, as Hotspur said, we 'scaped coughs and chills and rheumatic ailments when we shot and fished or scaled Alpine mountains, as we got drenched and dried again in the cotton shirt. It was a shock for the doctors, and a godsend to all who took to them, when flannels came in. In the clever illustrations to Scrope's "Deerstalking" and "The Oakleigh Shooting Code", we see stalkers and grouse-shooters in clinging coats and long, fashionably cut trousers, and sometimes with headgear that must have needed holding on. The Norfolk jacket, mined with capacious pockets, was a luxurious innovation before the breechloader and the cartridge-belt came in. Then homespuns replaced broadcloth and the more flimsy tweeds; unpromising leather leggings gave place to the flexible flax, and knickerbockers with knitted stockings let the damp drain off when you were tramping it through moor and morass. Boots of all sorts underwent a transformation. I never owned the Bluchers associated by Thackeray with Lord Brougham at Meurice's, but I remember my pride in a pair of Wellingtons, a modification of an exploded form of torture, involving untold troubles in packing.

Passing from the field to the drawing-room or the promenade, the toilette was infinitely more correct in those days, and fashion as to coats more inflexible. The frock, even when cut by Poole, was all very well for the slim or the portly, but it did not suit all figures. It burlesqued the short stout man, who carried it off with a swagger. On the other hand, great latitude was allowed in vests and linen. The double or triple waistcoat of various colours had disappeared, but fancy was permitted to run riot in Syrian dyes and curious embroidery. A brodered waistcoat was as common a gage d'amour as the presentation of worked slippers to a curate. And the fancy shirt-fronts of fine linen were in keeping, often with a pink or roseate underglow shining through transparent cambric. Young men were lavish of jewellery and fanciful in scents. They wore studs of diamond, pearl and emerald; they steeped their handkerchiefs for the dinner or the dance in the latest inventions of Piesse and Lubin. The old gentlemen still drew sixty-guinea watches with massive gold chains from deep fob pockets. Their juniors dangled collections of charms and lockets from slender Venetian chains attached to light Genevas, and the watch-snatchers had an easier if less lucrative time. When

letters used to be sealed everybody wore a signet ring. With the adhesive envelope the necessity for the seal had gone by, but the old habit was still a fair excuse for displays which would now be condemned as the sure stamp of vulgarity. But one opening for ostentation was disappearing. I remember many an elderly gentleman who continued the traditions of the Petersfields and the Hertfords and was a connoisseur in snuff-boxes. When snuffing was going out, smoking was coming in. Smoking led to the institution of the smoking-room in country houses, with the easy lounging dress of oriental fashion, donned when the ladies were supposed to have retired. And the loose smoking wear was the model of the very sensible dinner jacket, admirably suited to the gourmet at a social gathering *en garçon*. On the other hand, we have become more correct of an evening at the clubs and much more extravagant. As I knew them first, in the younger establishments, it was the exception to change the morning dress, unless a man were going to a dance or reception. It may be partly owing to the multiplication of theatres, but now three-fourths of the golden youths are radiant in white ties and spotless cambric; and as they are bound to dine up to their dress, they indulge in second-growth clarets or champagne in place of the bitter beer and the modest half-pint of sherry.

ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

#### THE SUFFOLK SHORE.

THE sea-shore of Suffolk, which stretches from Landguard Point at the mouth of the river Orwell over against Harwich to the denes of Lowestoft and Yarmouth, while it cannot be called remarkable for its beauty or romance, is yet full of interest to the naturalist. The coast-line is cut up by several deep and narrow estuaries, which add much to the picturesqueness of the scenery. Steamers are constantly plying between Felixstowe and the Essex shore. Ferries cross the river Deben at Bawdsey, and the Blythe at Walberswick. Here and there low-lying hills succeed to the long stretches of shingle or of sandy dunes, as at Covehithe and Dunwich, where the crumbling cliff is crowned with the ruins of the once splendid church, of which, in the words of Swinburne,

"one hollow tower and hoary  
Naked in the sea-wind stands and moans."

The sandy spit of Landguard Common, on which stands the fort immortalised by one of Gainsborough's best-known pictures, is famous as the scene of the last fight on English soil with a foreign enemy. In July, 1667, when the fortunes of England were at a low ebb, a Dutch force landed beneath the cliff on which the modern town of Felixstowe now stands, and made its way to Landguard Fort, about a mile distant, with a view to seizing eventually the king's stores at Harwich. But the gallant men of the Suffolk shore—from Lowestoft, Southwold, Dunwich, and Aldeburgh—were ready for the invaders, and drove them back with slaughter to their ships. One of the Dutch scaling-ladders, captured on the occasion, is still preserved as a memento of the fight.

In former times this sandy spit of land was known as "Langtree point." Thus in Gerarde's *Herbal*, published in 1598, we find that the old herbalist, passing over the water from Harwich, found "the Sea Holly growing plentifully upon Langtree point, from whence," he adds, "I brought plants for my garden." The Sea Holly (*Eryngium maritimum*), known from its Latin name as "Eryngoes," was much sought after in those days for its medicinal properties, and the calling of an "eryngoe-digger" is referred to by Sir Thomas Browne, the celebrated physician and antiquary of Norwich. Gerarde gives minute instructions as to the "condition" of the roots, which, it appears, are "of the bignesse of a mans finger, so very long, as that they cannot be all plucked up but very seldome". When "properly preserved with sugar", the roots, we learn, "are exceeding good to be given to old and aged people that are consumed and withered with age".

The Sea Holly still grows on Landguard or Langtree Point, and many another rare and interesting plant.

On the sandy turf, creeping among the bents and sedges, the Sea *Convolvulus*, with its large, beautifully striped pink and white flowers, was plentiful last summer; scattered over the common might be seen splendid plants of the blue *Viper's Bugloss*, and straggling bushes of the Yellow *Melilot*. One side of the sloping ramparts of the fort was completely covered with the yellow *Horned Poppy*; while on the side facing the Essex shore were goodly thickets of wild *Fennel* and groves of the common *Tamarisk*. The rare and local Yellow *Vetch* with solitary flowers (*Vicia lutea*) was to be found in bare stony places, and several large patches of the real *Samphire* (*Crithmum maritimum*), a plant not found in Suffolk until quite recent years.

Very characteristic of the Suffolk shore are vast ledges of shingle, which sometimes run for many miles. The greatest in extent is the one, anciently known as the "Shelf", which stretches from Aldeburgh to the "North Vere", the scene of the fierce fight between the smugglers and the preventive-men in Cobbold's history of "Margaret Catchpole". For twelve miles or more this lonely "shelf" of shingles separates the Alde from the ocean; and is seldom visited except by those connected with the coastguard service or the Orford lighthouse, or perhaps by some wandering herbalist. Exactly opposite the North Vere Point, on the other side of Orford Haven, lies the little hamlet of Shingle Street, so called from its strange situation. The cluster of black-boarded, red-tiled cottages looks very picturesque on the shingle shore, beside the coast-guard station, the lifeboat house and the old martello tower. The hamlet is difficult of approach; no regular road leads to it; only a circuitous sandy track from the village of Hollesley, some miles away. Flowers blossom in the little gardens before the cottage doors, and it is indeed wonderful how plants contrive to live among the stones. If, said the captain of the coast-guard, you scatter some wallflower seed on the shingle it will germinate, and most seasons a few potatoes will show themselves. The hamlet is protected from the tide by several vast ledges of shingle. Ridge after ridge of pebbles guard the station. And on this desert of stones wild species manage to thrive as the wall-flowers before the cottage windows. Several fine patches of the scarce Sea Pea (*Lathyrus maritimus*) or wild-tares, as the plant is locally called, were in blossom; the great yellow *Horned Poppy* made a brave show beside tall plants of red *Rumex* and white *Sea Campion*; while in places the exquisite little ivy-leaved *Linaria* completely covered the stones with its delicate foliage and flowers. On one spot the shingle was hidden beneath a carpet of yellow *Stonecrop* (*Sedum reflexum*), which had managed to become naturalised on the shore. Still the fishermen said the plant had always flourished there; and moreover that it was to be found in several places along the coast, the same as the Sea Holly and the wild-tares.

Shingle Street is some seven miles from Orford, where the fine old Norman tower still remains, in which, according to Ralph de Coggeshall, a strange creature was once incarcerated. We are told "that in the year 1180, near unto Orford in Suffolk, certain fishers took in their nets a fish having the shape of a wild man in all points; he had hair on his head, and a long picked beard, and about the breast was exceeding hairy and rough; which fish was kept by Bartholomew de Glanville the Governor in the Castle of Orford six months or more. He spake not a word: all manner of meats he did gladly eat, but most greedily raw fish. Oftentimes he was brought to church, but never showed any sign of adoration. At length, being not well looked to, he stole to the sea, and never was seen after".

It is well known that the Suffolk coast is suffering more from the encroachment of the sea than any other in England. This is specially noticeable at certain spots. The house in which George Crabbe was born at Aldeburgh was swept away by the sea in 1779. Some low cliffs near Easton Broad, known as Easton Ness, were formerly the most eastern point in England, until the erosion of the coast "robbed the parish of that distinction". The disappearance of the ancient city of Dunwich is another instance



of the ravages of the sea on the shore of Suffolk. Once the capital of East Anglia; for many years the seat of the East Anglian bishopric; a city of splendid churches, and more than one stately priory; a few ruins alone remind us of its former greatness. We learn from an ancient source that "before the twenty-third year of the reign of Edward III. upwards of four hundred houses, with certain shops and windmills, were devoured by the sea. S. Leonard's Church was next overthrown; and in the fourteenth century S. Martin's and S. Nicholas' were also destroyed by the waves". Since then the work of destruction has continued, and now all that is left of the once splendid city are the ruins of All Saints' Church, which crown the summit of the crumbling cliff, and hard by the picturesque remains of the old Franciscan Priory. What a change time and tide have wrought!

"Once, where sharp the sea-bird shrills his ditty,  
Flickering flame-wise through the clear live calm,  
Rose triumphal, crowning all a city,  
Roofs exalted once with prayer and psalm,  
Built of holy hands for holy pity,  
Frank and faithful as a sheltering palm,  
Church and hospice, wrought in faultless fashion,  
Hall and chancel bounteous and sublime."

Now in the desolate churchyard—"dust, and grass, and barren silent stones"—beneath the hollow wind-swept tower,

"Tombs with bare white piteous bones protruded,  
Shroudless, down the loose collapsing banks,  
Crumble, from their constant place detruded,  
That the sea devours and gives not thanks.  
Graves where hope and prayer and sorrow brooded  
Gape and slide and perish, ranks on ranks;  
Rows on rows and line by line they crumble,  
They that thought for all time through to be."

Several rare plants haunt the ancient ruins. On the mediæval walls of the Franciscan Priory, near the broken gateway, some fine specimens of the Hoary Mullein (*Verbascum pulverulentum*), with its large flannel-like leaves and racemes of yellow flowers, were in blossom last summer, in company with the Wall-Rocket (*Diploxys tenuifolia*), a scarce and local species. The Wild Larkspur was in flower among the long herbage and fallen masonry of the churchyard, and nestling under the shelter of the hollow tower was a goodly-sized patch of that striking little East Anglian species, the Sickie Medick. It is interesting to find that a specimen of this rare plant from the same romantic spot, gathered by the distinguished botanist Adam Buddle about the year 1698, is still in the British Museum at South Kensington. Another very scarce plant, the Field Eryngo (*E. campestris*), also found by him on "ye coast of Suffolk", was growing as late as 1856 "at the foot of the clay cliffs at Dunwich", but it is now lost through the inroads of the sea. Nor must we overlook the little Burnet Rose, the most delicate of our wild roses, which is not uncommon in the neighbourhood. This species, it seems almost certain, is what is traditionally known as—

"The Dunwich rose, with snow-white blossom,  
Soft, pure, and white as is the cygnet's bosom;  
This decks the stern and sterile cliff, and throws  
O'er its rough brow new beauty where it grows."

#### THE VISITORS' BOOK.

IT is from man's amiable desire to sign his name that much of the charm of living comes. So you get books, pictures, music, autograph albums, and visitors' books. And of all these arts visitors' books give you perhaps man's most perfect expression of himself. In literature there is always the possibility of a pose; you can never be quite sure that the man has given himself to you, as is his business, and sometimes when you see him arguing, say, with a ticket collector you have a vague suspicion that you have been imposed upon. In a picture, too, you do not get the whole man; you only get that part of him which is fit to be put upon a wall. So that when you are in a picture gallery you are at a

disadvantage; you are inferior to all these disembodied spirits, and it is likely that you may have some feeling of loneliness. In the higher arts you get in fact only the best moments of humanity, and it is rather tiring, if you have a liking for companionship, to live only with the best moments. There is a certain tender sociability about man's lesser moments, a delicate suggestion of equality. After, for instance, a bout with Shakespeare, it is refreshing to turn to some sweet and ineffectual minor poet, and in his weak friendly rhymes to find something soothing to your vanity. To live much with your superiors you have to be something of an acrobat; there is a straining of the mental muscles in hauling yourself up to their lonely level. So that everyone has a more or less sneaking admiration for some minor writer. He is so perfect a companion, and you forgive, as you would your best friend, his little eccentricities of manner. He takes you so openly into his confidence, invites you so frankly to share his little weaknesses, and he never leaves you, as your great writer sometimes does, without having got to know you fairly well. There is no need for dull preliminary intercourse. In the first page you know the sort of man he is, and a man is only interesting when he gives himself away. Art may indeed be said to be a faculty for giving yourself away. It is the supreme generosity. Therefore it is that visitors' books and autograph albums have a merit of their own. True, there is often a chilling reserve about autograph albums, an affectation of dignity. You feel the eyes of your friends are on you, and if you cannot be witty you can at least be dignified. But in a visitors' book in an old country inn you can dare to be yourself. You are asked only to sign your name, and, if you care, to add a line or two. It is these few lines that make such books so valuable. There is an old inn in Sussex where a visitors' book has been kept for about a hundred years, and it has become a classic of its kind. Here you will find humanity in its most companionable state, free from pose and artistic nervousness. The very form of the book is suggestive. Across the top is written "Date, name, address, remarks". What is the world but a vast visitors' book? We all enter our names and addresses, and we all make a few remarks. There is a refreshing candour and simplicity about the book, a stimulating suggestion of good appetites and good digestions and of summer days well spent. The literary effects are perfect. At the top of a page you will find "The three happiest days of our life", clearly written by a honeymoon couple, and directly underneath "A good lunch, well served". You are irritated by the second entry. Surely the honeymoon couple might have had a page to themselves, might have been protected from the middle-aged commercial traveller. The picture of the man and the girl would have been so perfect if it had filled the whole page. You are sure the man wrote the cheerful line, and while he wrote it the girl looked over his shoulder, and possibly—this is suggested by the somewhat shaky writing—her arm was round his neck. And when he had finished and the girl had seen, perhaps for the first time, her new name, there is no doubt she kissed him. Then she became serious and scolded the man for saying they were the three happiest days of their life, and he of course agreed with her, and said there were far happier days to come. No wonder you are irritated when under this charming picture you come across "A good lunch, well served". This man is an interloper. If he had been a man of delicacy he would have turned the page over, have realised that it was precious. There were other pages where his crude line would have done no harm; surely he might have left the man and the girl in peace. Or perhaps, being a middle-aged commercial traveller, he was annoyed by the youthful arrogance of the line, and felt it his duty to write down his cynical protest. Anyhow, the contrast sets you thinking. It may be possible, after all, that the man is right, and "A good lunch, well served", is better than "The three happiest days of our life". There are several similar contrasts. On the same page you find "A ripping time" and "Eggs and bacon excellent". Here again you cannot help having some affection for the school-girl, although you may blame her use of slang. Clearly she was happy, and slang is the natural language of

high spirits. There is no doubt also that she was pretty: only a pretty girl would be allowed to use such slang. Probably she was good at tennis, and sometimes played cricket with her brothers. You are glad she did not take her lunch seriously. As to the eggs and bacon man, you have no patience with him. You resent his gastronomic enthusiasm. And yet, in spite of your resentment, you are conscious that his enthusiasm is infectious, and you envy him his "eggs and bacon excellent" almost as much as you envy the girl her "ripping time". There is a suggestion of romance in "A pleasant halt on a long road". Apparently the man had a soul above eggs and bacon, and it is good to think of him sitting in a rough tweed suit smoking his sixth or seventh pipe. And you are glad to find on looking at the date—1830—that he was not a motorist. There is little doubt that he was walking, and you are grateful to him for taking you back to days when the roads were not given up to speed, when it was possible to walk from inn to inn at a leisurely three or four miles an hour. He would not have been quite happy in an age of dust and noise, and certainly he would not have written that peaceful line of his. The laconic "Good beer" has a stimulating sincerity. Clearly there was no weak sentiment about this man. He was not troubled with romantic tendencies. Probably he had a contempt for poetry. There is no undue enthusiasm in the line. He does not yield to any amiable desire to please the landlord. You can see him holding up his glass, and looking critically at the beer, and you can join in the look of satisfaction on his face as he puts it down. Another man becomes a little eloquent. "Give me", he writes, "old friends, old books, old coins, but above all old country inns." He reminds you of Shenstone scratching his pensive verse on the Henley window-pane. Evidently he had something of Shenstone's thought that, on the whole, you get the warmest welcome at an inn.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### ITALIAN ANTI-CLERICALISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bachelors Club, 31 July, 1907.

SIR,—I have read with much interest—and also with some surprise—Mr. Edward Hutton's letter, published in your issue of the 27th on Italian anti-clericalism. If, as Mr. Hutton observes, a previous communication to your columns on this subject seemed to him to call for interpretation, surely his own remarks are open to some criticism as to their accuracy and fairness.

To one like myself, who has passed a large portion of his life in Italy—and this not in a "foreign stronghold", but in close touch with Italians of all classes—Mr. Hutton's sweeping assertion that the modern Italian "is without force or confidence", and that he "has forgotten how to persist", appears to be as unjustifiable as is his scornful dismissal of the said modern Italian as being a "child" whose childish behaviour is of no account.

It is very evident that Mr. Hutton has not lived intimately with the people he judges in so hasty a manner; otherwise I feel convinced that he would reconsider that judgment. A nation that in the space of two generations has achieved what Italy has achieved needs no foreigner to defend it against foreign misconceptions regarding the character of its people. It is only necessary to compare the Italy of to-day with the Italy of even five-and-twenty years ago in order to realise all that this nation of "children" without force, confidence, or persistence has accomplished. That much yet remains to be accomplished no one will deny; and Italians themselves are the last to wish to deny it. I would, therefore, confine myself to suggesting to Mr. Hutton that were the modern Italian in reality the contemptible creature implied in his letter to you, Italy would still be "a geographical expression".

Into the question of Italian anti-clericalism, and how far it may or may not be a negligible quantity in the social and political life of the country, it is not my intention to enter. There are obvious reasons why

I should not do so. I thoroughly agree with Mr. Hutton as to its being noisy, but I as thoroughly disagree with his explanation as to why it is so. If by anti-clericalism—it is an objectionable term because of its vagueness—is meant the determination to resist all undue interference on the part of the Church in civil and domestic affairs, then the vast majority of Italians are anti-clerical, and among this majority will be found very many ecclesiastics. If, on the other hand, anti-clericalism means anti-religion and the petty persecution of those to whom religion appeals, then no respectable Italian of any class is anti-clerical. The ranks of this last party are recruited from the canaglia, and from the political adventurers who are to be found among the masses of briefless lawyers and chairless "professors" with which Italy unfortunately abounds—the "mangiapreti" who are not taken seriously by anybody, even by themselves. In no country in Europe excepting England has the Catholic Church so much freedom as in Italy; and it is perhaps not generally recognised how striking a proof this is of the complete unity of will and intention on the part of a nation which Mr. Hutton describes as "a collection of different peoples bound together by an arbitrary and unreal event". To outward appearance, and in some more radical ways that only lapse of time can extirpate, it is true that modern Italy is made up of such a collection; but to assume that these peoples are merely bound together by an arbitrary and unreal event is surely a statement which can be justified neither by the past history nor by the present conditions of Italian unity. The North and the South may, and do, mutually abuse each other; the Florentine calls the Romans *figli di preti*, and the Roman calls the Neapolitan a thief, and so on; but I think that Mr. Hutton, on closer examination, will find that his "children" in all parts of the peninsula, and in Sicily, are far too shrewd not fully to recognise what their fate would be were they to split asunder that political unity which they have struggled so long and so hard to attain.

Mr. Hutton appears to be of the opinion that all enterprise in Italy is an attribute of the foreigner only. Has he visited the great dairy-farms in Lombardy, the vast tenute in the Modenese, the wine-growing districts of the Puglie, the silk industries of the Comasco and the Veneto, the stock-breeding establishments of the Agro Romano and the Pontine Marshes? not to mention a score of other scenes of national enterprise. He will find the "children" in these places to be possessed of all those qualities which he is too ready to suppose to be non-existent in modern Italy; he will find, moreover, that they are independent of any foreign interference. Their methods differ from Anglo-Saxon methods, and the capital at their back may not always be large; but I can assure Mr. Hutton that he will find no lack of persistence, and a very enviable confidence, often displayed in the face of great difficulties. In matters of business, however, I would not recommend him to rely too much on their childish natures. The modern Italian is not so frivolous or so foolish as he seems to think.

There is one sentence in Mr. Hutton's letter which would lead his readers to suppose that he does not know even the foreign stronghold of Florence as he might. He writes: "There are I forget how many 'noble' families in Florence. Do the heads of these take any part in the government of their country? Not at all; they will be found every morning . . . eating sweet cakes and ogling the women".

I think that if Mr. Hutton will consult one or two of the prominent representatives of Florentine nobility, he will realise that this statement is exaggerated. I am not asserting that the Italian aristocracy as a whole does its duty by the country. It does not. But whose fault is this? For two generations this class has been discouraged by priestly anathema from taking part in public life. It is only in very recent years that Catholics have been permitted freely to vote even at municipal elections; and the Non Expedit decree published by Pius IX. still holds good in political elections, although in a less stringent degree than formerly. Throughout Italy, however, the "nobility" is beginning to take an ever-increasing part in both political and municipal affairs. In Florence, in Rome, Naples and



Palermo, as in Turin and Milan, there are to be found members of the noblest houses whose lives are by no means spent in cake-shops ogling the women, but in more useful occupations. These individuals are "anti-clericals" in the only legitimate and respectable sense of the term. They will not throw the body of Leo XIII. into the Tiber—Mr. Hutton need not fear that!—but, all the same, they are achieving an anti-clerical policy; the logical sequence of that policy, which is not, and never was, the creation only of the Piedmontese, as Mr. Hutton asserts it to have been, but the will of the Italian nation expressed once for all in what Mr. Hutton calls an unreal event and the Italians call the Plebiscite, and which has for its figure-head the House of Savoy.

I will not here remind Mr. Hutton of all that his "children" have accomplished in the space of half a century. I would venture to suggest, however, that a more intimate acquaintance with the people he criticises would reveal to him the fact that beneath much that must necessarily strike the Anglo-Saxon mind as trivial and inconsequent, beneath regional differences and inequalities, beneath traditional adherence to the outer forms and ceremonies connected with their religion on the part of the peasants, and indifference to or disbelief in that religion on the part of the dwellers in the cities—there does exist the force, the confidence, and the persistence which triumphed and will continue to triumph over foreign dominion and ultramontane intrigue.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

RICHARD BAGOT.

[Our correspondent speaks of the Italians "triumphing over foreign dominion". We should like to know whether he thinks the Italians would have triumphed over foreign dominion without foreign help?—ED. S. R.]

## PARTIES IN THE ORANGE RIVER COLONY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bloemfontein, Orange River Colony,  
30 June, 1907.

SIR,—Now that the new Constitution of this colony is announced, and for good or ill the people have had thrust on them a greater measure of responsibility in their own affairs than they had under the régime of the "Free State", a forecast of the complexion of the Legislature may be of interest.

Living in Bloemfontein one is struck by an apparent total lack of interest or enthusiasm. Public meetings of any "party" are rare, poorly attended, and dull, pervaded by an atmosphere of "parish pump". In the country districts, to judge from the local papers, interest and enthusiasm are also lacking.

There are of course two parties only, the "Unie" or frankly Dutch party, first cousin to the "Bond" whose aims are clearly enough unmasked in Basil Worsfold's book on Lord Milner's work in South Africa; and the "Constitutional party" led by Sir John Fraser. Common report, for what it is worth, has it that Sir John only founded his party after having been refused membership of the Unie. He is, with some reason, regarded as an arch-renegade by the Dutch, and with distrust and some contempt by a considerable number of those English who cherish no Radical illusions as to the spirit in which the Dutch of South Africa have accepted the result of the war, or their ultimate aims. His fire-eating speeches in the Volksraad before the outbreak of the war are now being reprinted from time to time, and offer a striking contrast to his ready acceptance of British rule a bare month or two after the tide of war entered the Free State. With such a man as the last hope of those who dread the handing over of the whole of South Africa to Dutch (anti-British) schemers, the situation created by the hysterical "generosity" of the Radical Government is hopeless enough.

The Unie, led by men who have never disguised the sincerity of their dislike of all things British, has been well organised now for two years. Their leaders know their own minds and have, from the point of their present policy, nothing to disguise or to explain away. They have successfully played the game, initiated by

Het Volk in the Transvaal, of getting the greater part of the Boer population to pledge themselves to support the policy and representatives of the party, without announcing or indicating what that policy is to be. This gives them the control of the Dutch vote without having alienated by indiscreet disclosures any of the numerous voters of English birth or descent who suffer from the characteristic English discontent with the existing régime, or are nursing private, often petty, personal grievances. The considerable body of "handsuppers" here, as in the Transvaal, seeing the activity and directness of purpose of the "Unie", are almost certain to "shout with the biggest crowd", hoping to purchase oblivion of their past offence by extreme zeal in their return to the fold.

In this recapture of the "handsuppers" the Dutch Church is active as ever, bringing moral, ecclesiastical, and social pressure to bear on the "handsuppers" to purge their offences against their people and buy forgiveness at the polls. During the year after the peace, Confirmation was only allowed to "handsuppers" after public confession of their sin of treason and profession of repentance. And it must be borne in mind that among the Dutch no young man may think of marriage or courtship till he has been confirmed.

The Unie has for years past had a Dutch newspaper of its own, the "Vriend des Volks", which circulates in every homestead in the colony; written wholly in Dutch, it is full of anti-British articles of the bitterest type, compounded of the wildest and most unscrupulous misstatements of the pre-war designs of Britain on the independence of the Free State, wild and reckless untruths about the "murder camps", and so on, which would be promptly contradicted if published in English. In addition, the Unie controls the "Friend", which is printed chiefly in English, has a wide circulation among the disaffected English, and diligently spreads similar falsehoods more carefully sub-edited in view of the possibility of contradiction.

The Constitutional party has only just started a Dutch newspaper, the "Volksbode", two years too late to be of any use. It is edited with undeniable ability, but its circulation is limited, even with a large "free list", and the number of country voters who will be influenced by it is not worth consideration. The party controls the "Bloemfontein Post", written with a Dutch page, but its circulation on the farms is negligible, and I do not remember ever seeing a copy of it on a farm in the course of five years spent in visiting farms. And at the country post-offices where the farmers call for their letters one may see a hundred copies of the "Vriend des Volks", or of the "Friend", for one of the "Post". The Constitutional party has, with more courage than discretion, announced its policy in advance at the risk of losing support and of giving occasion to the enemy to blaspheme, an opportunity of which the enemy has not been slow to avail himself.

Further, the Constitutional party openly announces that it exacts no pledge from its members to support either its leaders or its policy; thus leaving the Boer, with his "slim" faculty for seeing an advantage, free to extract what advantage he may see in membership in the way of consideration for moral support, and free to carry out at the poll his original guarantee to support the Unie; without any technical breach of faith.

The Constitutional party is showing signs of life chiefly in one direction, in the indiscriminate and wholesale naturalisation of aliens who, it is no doubt hoped, will vote Constitutional in return for the free gift of British citizenship. No doubt many of them are estimable persons, but a perusal of two columns of their names in the "Gazette" is enough to make any angel weep whose parents were of English stock. But it is a forlorn hope: all the aliens in the colony will not make good the loss of those who are discouraged from joining the party by disinclination to follow as leader a political opportunist of no particular ability.

It may be said that the Unie leaders, returned to power, will shape as well as the Het Volk leaders in the Transvaal; but the reply to that is that in spite of admirable sentiments from Messrs. Botha and Smuts a steady policy is being pursued in the Transvaal of

"retrenchment" of as many British officials as may be, chiefly the most soundly British, to be replaced by "ware Africanders". And further, if a man may be judged by his words in the absence of any works by which to judge him from their published speeches there is no one among the Unie leaders with the breadth and ability, or moderation, of General Botha or Mr. Smuts, and every prospect of a virulent extirpation of the last remnants of the system set up by Lord Milner and of everything which stands for British influence or policy.

My apology for this letter must be the urgent need for exposure of the disastrous results likely to come from the granting of "liberal institutions" to people who never had them and do not want them in the teeth of the unprejudiced advice of those best qualified to know. It is worth remembering that the next election at the Cape will bring the Bond back in great strength, and that the cession of part of the Transvaal to Natal at the Peace is likely to have the result of installing, for the first time, a Dutch Government in power at Pietermaritzburg.

Yours faithfully,  
SOJOURNER.

#### THE UNREST IN INDIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Having lived for nearly twenty-four years in India and had much to do directly with the Indians, may I point out how comparatively simple are the causes which have led to the present unrest?

There are, roughly speaking, three hundred millions in India. Of these a very few, who may be reckoned merely by their thousands, or even hundreds, are the direct instigators and directly interested in the passing agitation. These agitators have been created by the Government; by the particular form of education which the Government has deliberately introduced. Their education has fitted them for service under the Government, and for nothing else—except pleading in law courts. The result is that a class of "the discontented" has been created. For one who finds a Government billet, nine fail. For every twenty pleaders—barristers or rather ballistlers—perhaps one gets a living. You will not find amongst these agitators one pleader in large practice, nor one Government official holding a high and lucrative post; if there be exceptions they will be found amongst native professors of colleges. More than this: the very form of agitation is agitation by the discontented for personal advantage. Vague charges are alleged against the Government of ill-treatment of the masses, but there are no definite suggestions for the cure of this ill-treatment except by the replacing of Europeans in power by Indians.

Again, the success of Japan against Russia has imbued the Indians with strong if sentimental belief that their colour has been proved to be a thing for pride rather than, as heretofore, for sneaking shame.

The agitators are mainly recruited—necessarily—from pleaders. For such men the Sepoys have profound contempt; only in touching the strong religious sense is there fear of tampering with the native army. And there is far more sympathy between the last arrived "deputy collector sahib" and cultivators than between pleaders and the same large class. There is no fear, then, of the agitation taking a hold on the country unless the Government is negligently weak. Personally, I pity these agitators as men who have grievances resulting from the false form of education the Government has imbued them with.

But they must be dealt with firmly and blotted out before the question of their grievances is considered. Bear in mind, too, that to deal with the Indians as we deal with the people of twentieth-century England would be as foolish and unkind as it would have been in fourteenth-century England to introduce an eight hours' day of work, a Masters' Liability Act or an Unemployed Bill.

Your obedient servant,

F. C. CONSTABLE.

Permit me to state that I had in India more than one Indian friend, and that I consider the Indians as at least our equals in ability and morality. In manner we have much to learn from them.

#### MR. RIDER HAGGARD AND LADY SYKES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Carnarvon, 28 July.

SIR,—“East Yorkshire” has unveiled and proves to be a lady, which explains much. For my own sake as well as hers I wish that she had seen fit to do this before. Had I known the truth indeed, I should have adopted a gentler tone in my communications to you than in the circumstances seemed appropriate towards one whom I conceived to be a mere ill-natured or blundering man with some axe to grind. The instance only shows how dangerous it is in any puzzling event of life to disregard the golden rule of “cherchez la femme”, and I hope sincerely that Lady Sykes will forgive my lack of insight and acquit me of intentional roughness towards her.

Wearisome as this game of long bowls has come to be, I grieve to say however that in self-defence I must answer her letter; indeed as she now challenges over her own name doubtless she would think me discourteous not to do so. It seems that when freed from irrelevant matter Lady Sykes' charges (last series) against me are as follows:

(1) That, and evidently this is the head and front of my offending, I did not visit certain gentlemen of title who are large landowners when I was in the Wold district in 1901.

I plead guilty. To my own loss I missed seeing them; at this distance of time I forget why. Perhaps I did not desire to trouble them; perhaps they were away; perhaps for sundry reasons I thought it best to devote most of my time in this place (one district only, be it remembered, out of twenty-six counties and the Channel Islands) to tenant farmers.

(2) That on a particular drive (not in a motor-car now, I notice) of thirty miles I only interviewed four farmers.

Guilty again. These were the representative men selected for me to meet. But if Lady Sykes will refer to “Rural England” she will learn that she has unintentionally given a false impression, as I saw other farmers of the neighbourhood when not engaged upon that drive, although I had not the pleasure of seeing one gentleman whom she declared that I did see.

(3) That I misdescribed the scenery of the Yorkshire Wolds as “vast, cold and lonesome”.

Not guilty. After a considerable experience of scenery all over the world I adhere to my description. On this point Lady Sykes and I must agree to differ.

I think these are in sum all the new charges. It will be observed that, except as regards the scenery, they contain no allegation or evidence of misstatement or inaccuracy.

Now I come to the old ones. Those made at first are apparently withdrawn (as in truth was needful) except one, the worst—that I had “made public” my conclusion that “agriculture on the Wolds is not dying, it is already dead”. In face of the very contrary statement printed in “Rural England” to the effect that the Wold farmers were rather more prosperous than others, this allegation is now repeated for the third time, and I am fortunate in having at last extracted from Lady Sykes the authority upon which it was and continues to be made. Here it is: “It was reported, and I have heard the rumour from innumerable reliable sources”, &c. At some time during the last six years Lady Sykes has heard a “rumour”; that is her authority. Well, I can only answer that if so it was erroneously reported, and rumour on this occasion as on many others was but a “lying jade”. I never published or “pronounced” this statement; to the best of my belief, even in my most depressed moments, I never even thought it. How could I, seeing that what I wrote and did publish was of a totally different character? If Lady Sykes still chooses to put faith in her “rumour” I have nothing more to add.

As regards her opinions concerning myself and my sociological work, based upon the premises into which I have examined, however wide and recognized may be her experience and authority, I can only say, with the utmost gratitude and humility, that such has not been the general verdict of my contemporaries, and that I hope that posterity will take a more lenient view of my imperfect labours than does Lady Sykes.



In conclusion I will venture, also with humility, to offer in my turn a little advice to this severe critic of mine. Namely: it is well to remember that intimate interests such as the possession of or connection with certain property are apt to blind the judgment concerning that property or the district where it lies, and to cause a desire that anything said about it should be not the cold reality but solely of a nature to enhance its value. Further, that a wise person when delivering a belated or other onslaught will first be sure that the individual attacked has, in fact, said or done the things of which complaint is made. For instance, that there is no confusion between a quite recent visit to a county and a journey on a different business undertaken six years before; or between duly authenticated and published conclusions and others of an opposite nature, offensive to the palpable truth, that are substantiated only by "rumour", even though it be "from innumerable reliable sources".

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
H. RIDER HAGGARD.

#### PENSIONS AND THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE AGED.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 Cophall Avenue, E.C., 19 July.

SIR,—It is not generally recognised how any scheme for the granting of old-age pensions is complicated by the distribution of the aged. The departure of large numbers of the young, and the longevity of the rural poor, tend to produce a very difficult situation. For every thousand men aged 20–55 there are persons of 70 and upwards in certain typical places as follows:

|                                       |     |     |
|---------------------------------------|-----|-----|
| In the borough of West Ham            | ... | 65  |
| " " Hammersmith                       | ... | 105 |
| In Lancashire and Cheshire            | ... | 80  |
| In Durham and Northumberland          | ... | 84  |
| In the rural parts of Essex and Herts | ... | 235 |
| " " Devon                             | ... | 260 |
| " " Norfolk and Suffolk               | ... | 275 |

Knowing as we do how largely relief is claimed in London under the Poor Law, and how moderate are the demands on this fund in rural districts compared with the apparent need, we must surely be impressed with the fact that in those districts loyal and generous co-operation by all classes must be usual, otherwise the state of things made visible would be much worse. Class hatred is naturally less in evidence amongst such people, and there is little room for any sort of excess.

Another side of the same question appears when we consider what chance Poplar, West Ham or Hammersmith would have for any lavish outlays, if the proportion of the aged were nearly as great as it is in Norfolk.

I am, yours obediently,  
THOS. A. WELTON.

#### IN AID OF THE CRIPPLES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Mansion House, E.C., 1 August.

SIR,—I should be very grateful if you could find space in the SATURDAY REVIEW to make an appeal through your readers to their children to interest themselves in my Cripples' Fund. It is particularly welcome to me to receive the support of children who are well in my efforts on behalf of the suffering little ones, and I am glad to say that I have many young friends who are cordially giving me their help.

At this holiday-time of the year it may not be amiss to ask the children of the well-to-do to think of the little ones to whom holidays are so rare. I should like to send a collecting card to any child who will write to me for it, in order that subscriptions may be collected for my Cripples' Fund. In helping in this way the children will, I am sure, find a pleasure for themselves, as well as a work of usefulness for others.

Believe me, yours truly,  
W. P. TRELOAR,  
Lord Mayor.

[We are glad to hear that the children who are not cripples are helping the Lord Mayor. They should.—  
ED. S.R.]

#### REVIEWS.

##### A MODERN SHAKESPEARE.

"Shakespeare." By Walter Raleigh. (English Men of Letters.) London: Macmillan. 1907. 2s. net.

THE inclusion of "Shakespeare" in a respectable series, and as an English man of letters, seemed on the face of it so quaint an enterprise that we took up this volume with even more amusement than scepticism. Having read it, we say two things quite confidently. It is certain to incur disparagement from every school of Shakespeare "students". And it is easily the best all-round book about Shakespeare for modern lovers of general literature. Professor Raleigh has here surpassed himself. His "Milton" was a good book. His "Wordsworth" was good, but rather strained, and often forcing intuitive appreciation to the edge of obscurity. Here, he returns to his simpler manner of expression with a matured power. The book is full of admirable things well put, and instances of the critical eloquence which loses itself are extraordinarily few, if we consider the temptations of the subject and of the writer's own temperament. No definitely new contribution is made to any single branch of that formidable and (to be candid) that very fallacious and doubtful industry, the "study" of Shakespeare. Professor Raleigh's aim—"the mind of Shakespeare is to be seen at work"—is followed up with the most consistent care for breadth and simplicity of treatment, and the result is a really excellent book, where very conceivably it might have been an egregiously bad one. At every point—and some of the points are very knotty indeed—his common-sense emerges, and he can be read from cover to cover with refreshment and zest by the class of readers best worth writing for, those educated men of the world who are susceptible of fine literature and like to be recalled, in brief intervals of business, to the still-running fountains of English poetry. People who make a hobby of Shakespeare's biography will think Professor Raleigh too airy, and even impertinent, in his cursory passage over their cherished collection of scraps. Life-long connoisseurs of the sonnets problem will be amazed and indignant at so irresponsible a dismissal of the all-important crux. Dogmatists on Shakespeare's tragic art will fancy it is rather late in the day, to say the least, for an Oxford professor of literature to take his stand by a formula so childlike and jejune as the overpowering mastery of fate. The prosodists will fling the book on the rubbish-heap. It says nothing about prosody. Analysts of Shakespeare's characters will note with scornful surprise that Professor Raleigh often attributes to Shakespeare himself a good deal less of perspicacity and deliberate subtlety than is invented for him by Shakespeareans. In short, there is much in the book, almost on every page, which suggests very faintly and courteously that the labours of years, undertaken by many excellent people, have been little or nothing to the purpose. And the excellent people cannot be expected to enjoy this suggestion. Meanwhile the ordinary reader will find his interest in Shakespeare insensibly quickened; first having overcome his surprise that a professional man of letters should be able to adopt a standpoint so plain, practical, and intelligible. Professor Raleigh is perhaps the only living critic, among the more than fugitive producers of criticism, who is capable at once of very ordinary common-sense and of real fineness of touch in the temperamental perception of art.

For ourselves we praise the book mainly because it is constructive. In most works of this class, written to fit the exigencies of a series, one witnesses little more than two hundred pages of scramble for supremacy between cramped criticism, perfunctory reflection, and inadequate (or else irrelevant) biography. Professor Raleigh has really achieved some sort of balance within a scope which he recognises from the outset to be very limited. We do not suppose he would himself claim finality for a certain rather dogmatic precision in his outline of English dramatic origins. He is clear, suggestive, and relevant to his purpose. This is all he desires to be. On questions of chronology and authenticity he is no less judicious, and his handling of these (for the benefit, be-

it understood, of the ordinary reader) is excellently conceived. No better short treatment of Shakespeare's stage is known to us. His bold vindication of the boy-actor, as a transparent medium for those more ethereal qualities of Shakespearean verse which are apt to disappear when a fascinating woman begins to romp over the boards, has our complete sympathy. Nothing could be better than his analysis of the conspiracy scene in "Julius Caesar", by way of illustrating Shakespeare's vigilance and triumph in preserving the illusion of night and secrecy in the very sunshine of an open-air auditorium. His distinction of Shakespearean comedy from other comedy is as finely made as it is convincing. In the traditional comedy (not Shakespeare's) "Socrates and the founders of modern science are laughed out of court along with the half-witted fops and the half-crazy charlatans". Here, as elsewhere, one recognises a gift for brilliance in criticism which might have produced, instead of this book, a mere string of coruscations without unity or permanence; and we admire the more his restraint in confining the gift strictly to a steady illumination of his matter. The ordinary reader, who has long forgotten the Shakespeare of his schooldays, and whose notions of Shakespeare's environment and development are at once fragmentary and obscure, will gain from Professor Raleigh a sane, clear, and well-proportioned view of the whole subject, enriched with glimpses, here and there, of the dimmer and more enticing haunts where Shakespeare's poetic genius is visible, so to speak, on the wings or preening itself for flight. The quotations alone—always a test of power in criticism—entitle these pages to notable consideration.

So much for the book. What chiefly interests us, in connexion with its appearance, is the evident fact that Shakespeare, as a topic, is capable of fresh presentment with every generation of readers and especially with this generation. This sounds like a platitude, but what we mean, really, is that Shakespeare holds his own with the "moderns"; that he is new and alive even for this age, in which Euripides may be said to have "come up". We imply not merely that his lyric sweetness and imaginative breadth are still alive; that goes without saying. But his criticism of life, his conception of the world, may be called living just as truly, and in the same sense, as the conception of the world put forth (say) by Milton may be called dead. It is true that Mr. Shaw, in his really serious and considerable criticism of Shakespeare's outlook, will have it that Shakespeare's men and women move in the inane, that they have no mainspring but the stock romantic conventions which Mr. Shaw, and the "moderns" generally, so roundly abjure. But this view of Shakespeare we hold to be untrue. It may be legitimate as a criticism of the stock Shakespearean interpretation, but it misses Shakespeare himself. We submit it is quite wrong to say that the philosophy of life which lies behind Shakespeare's major plays is as out of date as the geocentric conception of the universe which is the mainspring of "Paradise Lost". The two principal opinions now held about Shakespeare's philosophy may be summarised thus. There is first the opinion that Shakespeare does no more than concern himself emotionally with the great facts of humanity, such as love and death; that such emotional treatment of the immovable human themes is the only function of the poet, and that, if Shakespeare's mere fulfilment of this function does not please some people, this is because some people are cranks or fools. The second opinion, which seems to be that of Mr. Shaw and our "intellectuals", is this, that Shakespeare had all the equipment and susceptibility of a great poet, but did what the really great poet—the poet by whose work man lives and moves—should never do; namely, took his views of morality, of the social order, of religion and conscience, of immortality and the possibilities of man, ready made from convention. In other language, some people say that Shakespeare did not bother his head about the fundamental framework of man and the universe, and was perfectly sound (as poet) in this indifference; while other people say that Shakespeare's indifference in these matters degrades him to the level of those artists who purvey pleasure, whereas he ought to have been among those artists who reform

the world. We do not agree with either of these views. Professor Raleigh, though he does not explicitly enter upon the issue, has given us a very acute synopsis of Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure". No one who follows that synopsis with complete agreement, as we do, can fail to discern that here, at any rate, Shakespeare is piercing the whole structure of human society, law, morality, and religion. Piercing it with very fine needles, no doubt. The battering-ram was never Shakespeare's weapon. Can anybody who has read Ibsen and Euripides watch, in the theatre, those scenes of "Much Ado about Nothing" which depict the attitudes of Claudio and the others towards the supposed lapse of Hero, and remain quite sure that Shakespeare is seriously accepting for his own the crudely conventional and childish rigid sex-morality which is there presented? that he is not glancing, with ironic perception, at the very tale he indolently stole from an Italian? Nobody pretends, of course, that Shakespeare set out to produce a "Revolutionists' Handbook". But granted the supreme delicacy of his dramatic method, his uncanny instinct for seeing every question from everybody's point of view, and his delightful habit of stealing ready-made stories in order to save himself initial trouble about his plots, we think it certain that his own point of view was rarely if ever the conventional one. We cannot speak of Shakespearians as of Ibsenites, because Shakespeare was too much of a humourist to give himself away on any single topic under the sun. But to banish Shakespeare from the distinctively "modern" library, from the group of artists who are also philosophers (in the sense that they act on the principle of thinking out all things afresh and inspiring others to do the same) is to our mind a piece of sheer blindness. Undoubtedly Shakespeare is annoying to the doctrinaire. For however sound our doctrine may be, however probable in logic, economy, history or what not, the master is always likely to turn round upon us with some touch of that magnificent absurdness in which he has the monopoly. "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

#### WILTSHIRE RAMBLES.

"Round About Wiltshire." By A. G. Bradley. Methuen: London. 1907. 6s.

THIS is a pleasantly written book but in some respects vexing. It is full of information and full of appreciation of the peculiar features of Wiltshire scenery and legend. Mr. Bradley delights evidently in his rambles and his topics—in the ancient camps and temples on the downs, in the deserted abbeys and old manor houses of the slopes and the valleys, in the thatched cottages and their rustic tenants, in the cornlands and the meadows, in the streams and the trout. Take the following picture, for instance, of the approach to Upavon where, seen through the trunks of the trees that border the smooth gritty roads "the long fenceless fields, golden with ripe grain or green with the freshened-up aftermath of seeds and clover, trend gradually upward to the steep wall of the down, where the barrows lie thick against the sky"—or of Upavon itself which "once belonged to that ill-fated Despencer whom Edward the Second's unfortunate affection, like that of the gods, made mad first with vainglory before it destroyed him . . . a delightful and clean old-world village of the Wiltshire type with the Norman tower of its Early-English church rising above the clustering thatched roofs and abounding foliage, through which the river glides for a brief period in unaccustomed shade". But a man who can draw those pictures has no right to pass such sentences as this: "The subsequent execution of the leaders at Exeter, reminds me that Salisbury market place is a fine roomy parallelogram, planted with trees, for several victims by rope and axe, and stake have here provided entertainment, or intimidation for the natives"—or, à propos of the population of Marlborough, which varies "wholly in accordance with the date of the census takes advent". We have been careful to copy not only the language but the punctuation which is, in places, so erratic as to



suggest that a printers' imp has upset a box of commas over a page of type and—imp-like—driven half of them in haphazard, when scolded, instead of picking them up. We have a grievance, too, at the outset. Marlborough may be a convenient centre, and it has an interesting history; but neither of these advantages is so relatively great as to entitle it to a sixth (60 pages out of 378) of the entire book, while Chippenham, which was a *Villa Regia* in the days of Ethelwulf, is passed over. King John was married to his first wife in Marlborough, and some of the children of his second were baptised in the curious font which is preserved in the neighbouring church of Preshute; Henry I. kept Easter at Marlborough Castle A.D. 1110, and Charles II. slept there the night before he, accompanied by Aubrey, visited the great Druidical temple at Avebury—where a few huge stones now stand “sole survivors (alas!) of six hundred and fifty that were most likely intact as late as the Tudor period”. But it would have been at least equally interesting to be reminded that it was at Chippenham the Danes had their headquarters when harrying Wessex, A.D. 877, and that the memory of Ethelwulf and Alfred is perpetuated in a house yclept “The Palace”, standing on a traditional site. We can forgive Mr. Bradley for calling the stretch of down next Devizes by its local name of “Roundaway” instead of “Roundway”; but there is no excuse for writing of the well-known local antiquary and historian James Waylen as “Wayland”, nor for calling the village of Stanton S. Bernard “Staunton Fitzwarren”: he is writing of the neighbourhood of Cannings and Wansdyke, in central Wilts, and Stanton Fitzwarren is in the north. Nor is there any excuse for labelling “Ramsbury” a view of Potterne, since the picture postcard of which the plate is a facsimile bears the correct designation. We may go on too, while we are in the neighbourhood, to remark that Captain Penruddock was not murdered “in the old manor house” at West Lavington, but in a house known as “Beckett’s”, since pulled down: pulled down, that is, with the solitary exception of the room in which the outrage was committed: that room has been preserved and built into the modern mansion which has been erected on the site. We have stumbled on traces of similar carelessness in the index. There is no mention, for instance, of Stonehenge on p. 151 or 153, nor of Eadgar on p. 280 (it should be 286); nor is there any such place in Wiltshire as “Uphaven”. The place meant is Upavon and the page is 236.

And now that we have justified the second half of our characterisation, we cordially invite our readers to set out on a ramble with Mr. Bradley through the scenes that he depicts so well and so evidently enjoys. People who can see virtue only in tall chimneys and abundant machinery tending to the multiplication of houses in indistinguishable rows, who can conceive knowledge only in connexion with Board Schools and perceive music only in harmoniums, are warned off. To them the country is dull and the rustic a dullard. To us it has always seemed, as to our author, “that a man who can thatch and mow, handle horses in plough and wagon, and in the stable (those commas again!), whose eye can penetrate the inscrutable exterior of the sheep and detect his slightest discomfort, who can generally read the heavens above and the earth beneath with rude but rare intuition, is not less skilled than he who sits all day with hand on the knob of a piece of machinery which of itself finishes the point of a nail or completes the heel of a boot”. So we propose to roam out of sight and hearing of crank and dynamo, and to look at old churches and listen to old legends—till we reach the end of our tether. For Wiltshire, little known as Mr. Bradley admits it to be, yields to few if any counties in England in characteristic legend and scenery; and he simply picks and chooses as he goes along. Can any other country than England, we wonder, adduce, in working order, a grant such as that made by Athelstan, nearly 1,000 years ago, to Malmesbury? “It seems that in some battle against the Danes the men of Malmesbury supported him with such surpassing valour that he made a grant of nearly 1,000 acres of land to the burgesses in the neighbourhood. That land is still enjoyed by them in the shape of allotments apportioned free of rent and rates to

bona fide natives . . . and no stranger can acquire the privilege by any length of residence!” William the Conqueror robbed even Rouen of relics for the behoof of Malmesbury, and his successors—John for instance, and Edward III.—benefited it still more materially. It is remarkable how fond John seems to have been of Wiltshire; but in the days when war and hunting were the favourite occupation of kings, Wiltshire must have offered surpassing attractions in its forests, of which Savernake survives, and its Chaces, of which Cranborne recalls the name. Justice is done to the “two noble churches” at Devizes and to the historical incidents that cluster around its once splendid castle. But when Mr. Bradley concurs with “the best authorities” in thinking Devizes had no existence before its castle, he challenges question. The Roman Penates found in the quarter known as Southbroom may, of course, have been brought from elsewhere; and a camp designed, evidently, to protect the Roman road from London to Bath which runs across the northern down, lies fully two miles off. But when the Legionaries had finished sowing coins there according to their wont they must have come down to the site hard by Devizes now occupied by the lunatic asylum, or encouraged Britons living there, to keep up the amusement, for there also Roman coins have been found. What constitutes a town may be a controversial point; but here must, it would seem, have been people living centuries before Bishop Roger built his castle.

Rambling irresponsibly with our author, and thoroughly enjoying ourselves en route, we have avoided purposely the two most famous Wiltshire monuments—Stonehenge and Salisbury Cathedral—the temples of its earlier and later cults—in favour of less familiar places and legends; and we purpose, now, to end our wanderings at a site which—in itself an epitome of the history not only of Wiltshire but of England—is known to 9,999 out of 10,000 Englishmen only as a place without residents which used to send two members to Parliament in pre-Reform days. We doubt, indeed, whether a tithe of the remaining units realise that the hill-fortress known as Old Sarum once carried on its summit and slopes not merely a castle, the stronghold of an earldom—of that William Longsword, for instance, whose wife founded Lacock Abbey—but a cathedral and populous town which was not reduced to the present solitude for some centuries after Bishop Poore laid the foundation, A.D. 1220, of the famous cathedral on the plain. Here was the powerful Roman station known as *Sorbiodunum*, whence radiated six great roads that survive and can be traced from the summit either in the shape of roads or lanes, to the present day. Here took place bloody fights between Briton and Saxon. Here Eadgar held a Witenagemote, and hither William the Conqueror summoned all the estates of the kingdom to do him homage. Here William Rufus held a Council and Henry the First twice kept Court. The mighty ramparts are abandoned now to the brambles and rabbits, but the outline can be clearly traced; and callous indeed must be the visitor who, knowing the story, can stand there unmoved.

#### LONDON TOWN.

“The Governance of London.” By George Laurence Gomme. Unwin. 1907. 15s.

LONDON seems to grow yearly more attractive to the artist, the man of letters, the politician, and the sociologist. We read books on the colour of London and see attempts to realise it on the walls of many galleries. Mr. W. D. Howells has developed his London films: and Henley has made himself the poet of some of its charms. The problems of its housing, its traffic, and its poor are always with us. It is a pleasant change at times to turn back from the kaleidoscopic aspects of the present to the origins of London town, to try to realise the sources whence and the modes by which it came to be what it is. In his book Mr. Gomme gives us an interesting view of the history and institutions of Old London. The work has certain defects of form, being an imperfect amalgam of a series of lectures; an im-

perfection doubtless due to the impossibility of finding sufficient leisure from heavy official duties to enable the author to present his conclusions in so complete and ordered a form as so diligent a student alike of institutions and folk lore would desire. He describes his efforts as an anthropological view of London and as an attempt to trace out the respective contributions of Briton, Roman, Saxon, Dane and Norman towards the constitution of England's oldest municipality. The explanations or theories of London's origins set before us are well deserving of attentive study; but we must admit that we prefer Mr. Gomme as an anthropologist, and take to him less kindly as a critic or a prophet. The bulk of his attention is bestowed on the City of London as the nucleus of the "administrative county"; but we must confess that we do not think his history or politics sound in treating the City as slain by the quo warranto lawyers of James II. His attitude to the City Corporation as it now is might be described as "a view of the Guildhall from Spring Gardens taken on the eve of the Ides of last March", and his book concludes with a peroration on Progressive ideals, or shall we call it a funeral oration on their inadequacy? We are also quite sure that antiquaries and historians will quarrel with some of his views. He himself evidently expects to be attacked both by them and the lawyers. But part of the pleasure of studying old institutions is quarrelling over what is left of their bones. However opinions may differ as to the future of the new county or the merits of the ancient City of London, or the exact details of its formation, there can be no doubt that Mr. Gomme has stated, and to a great extent solved, problems of the highest interest with reference to the origin and growth of municipal institutions in England. When the Saxons invaded England they found many Roman cities, and the chief of them Londinium Augusta. Her they spared, if indeed their arms were ever able to penetrate within her walls. The others they either destroyed absolutely, like Silchester and Wroxeter (just as the Dorians destroyed Gnosos and the palaces and cities of Crete), or with few exceptions so handled that of the twenty-seven named by Nennius only ten were boroughs at the Conquest. In none of these except York can Mr. Gomme trace any survival from Roman times beyond the remains of the Roman walls. In all these cities the organisation of mediæval times appears to be based on manorial or tribal rather than municipal lines, and the early municipal charters to such towns are full of the terms of English or Norman institutions. In the City alone, which significantly is omitted from Domesday book, such traces of manorial organisation as exist date from after the Conquest.

In Saxon and Danish England London retained certain indicia of the Roman municipium with its attached territorium which was later explained by the theory that the shrievalty of Middlesex was the farm of the City, probably a Norman confirmation by charter of a pre-existing right or privilege. London was a sort of kingdom by itself: "Come what may, Londoners shall have no king but their mayor"; and the Saxon and Danish kings, when they sought to rule over all England, sought a separate recognition from London. Indeed there are even in our own times, on the demise of the Crown, certain special proceedings with reference to the proclamation of the new sovereign which look like an attenuated survival of the ancient rights and privileges. We refer to the closing of the gates, the attendance of the Lord Mayor at the first Privy Council, and the proclamation at the Royal Exchange.

In truth Saxon and Dane found London too large and secure to sack, and organised in a manner which did not fall in with their tribal Teutonic institutions. They probably looked on it as the true South African Boer looks on Johannesburg, preferring the rural solitude of the veldt. Settlements were formed round London on Teutonic lines. They crowned their chiefs or kings at Kingston or in Westminster. Many of the parishes, like Camberwell, Islington, Kensington and Lambeth, still bear the shape of the lands of a Teutonic village community, and at a very early date were manorial. But the tribal Saxons were about as willing to live in a city as a tiger to stay in a trap, and the relation of their chiefs

or kings with London was of alliance rather than sovereignty. When the Danes came up Thames they too planted themselves outside the walls, taking good care to occupy strategic positions by land and water, which enabled them to control its trade routes, by settlements in Aldwych across Watling Street, and on the Lea across the way into East Anglia. They tried many a time to take and sack the City, but had to wait long even for recognition of their king's overlordship. Londoners fought well at Hastings and made peace with the Conqueror on good terms. But the Tower of London and the first charter granted by him marked the beginning of the gradual absorption of the City within the system of national as distinct from municipal law.

The commonalty or commune of London with its mayor was recognised in the reign of Cœur de Lion, and fully established by his successor, and the mayor took his place at Runnymede beside the magnates of the realm.

Since then the power of the City of London, which has been the power of the merchant as well as of the fully organised municipality, has been great in England, and even now is by no means measurable by the night population of the City. But the City of London has never been the capital of England. When the seat of Government settled in Westminster it was made a liberty, to keep out the jurisdiction of the sheriffs of London (two, like the Roman consuls) who had authority over all Middlesex. The old citizens sat watchful and suspicious between the Palace of Westminster and the Tower of London. They influenced the national government when they could, and at times very powerfully, as in the Commonwealth days; but always with the influence of a quasi-independent community rather than with the influence of the people of Rome upon its governors.

#### NOVELS.

"Bachelor Betty." By Winifred James. London: Constable. 1907. 6s.

We should have found "Bachelor Betty" much more amusing but for the author's obvious determination to be humorous at all costs. Artless naïveté, colloquialisms and slang are all very well in small quantities, but unlimited doses of them are apt to pall. Bachelor Betty is a vivacious young Australian girl who comes over to England to seek her fortune as a journalist. She is an independent young person who means to make the best of things, and for this purpose she adopts an aggressively cheerful attitude, extracting fun out of all sorts of unpromising material. She turns always a smiling countenance to fortune. She laughs at the horrible discomfort she has to endure in cheap lodgings. She laughs persistently at the people she meets, at the little daily happenings, at human nature, and British human nature in particular. Sometimes she even laughs at herself. But in her heart of hearts in spite of her continued pose she knows herself to be an arrant sentimentalist. "There is not", she writes, "one woman in a hundred who chooses an independent life because she prefers it. She may prefer it to starvation, she may prefer it to being buried alive, or to living in dependent ease with uncongenial people, but the one who honestly does it for the love of it has got to be searched for long and laboriously". And so the end is a foregone conclusion from the first. We know full well that whimsical Betty with her continual babble and chatter, her delicate philanderings with the "Youngest Man", the "Oldest Man" and other admirers will come at last into the safe haven of matrimony. As a writer Miss Winifred James is distinctly to be encouraged. She has a quick receptive mind and abounding vitality. But she needs to keep a very careful hand upon herself. Her style is jerky and uneven. She aims at the unexpected, and in her striving after effect is more often than not hopelessly ineffective. She writes in short nervous sentences that give the impression of little gasps. She is inconsequent and often unexpectedly and amazingly crude. But she has courage and she also has ideas. Many of her comments



by the way are exceedingly shrewd, and although she does not succeed in convincing us of her guilelessness we readily concede her feminine charm and that saving grace of youth which atones for so much. "Bachelor Betty" is full of promise and we feel sure is only an earnest of better work to come.

"The Dupe." By Gerald Biss. London: Greening. 1907. 6s.

The chief defect in this melodrama is that it is absurdly easy to guess the mystery and foresee the end. But there are some spirited episodes, and, though it is not easy to take much interest in the fortunes of the hero, we are given an exciting hunt after a criminal, ending in a sensational scene on the platform of a "tube" station. The story turns on the consent of a young man, given when he was starving, to personate someone else. Of course the real guilty reason and the amiable reason set before the hero for undertaking this fraud are widely different. The author, as we said, does not succeed in his attempt to set everything right by an unexpected revelation. There is some humour in the description of the attitude of the police towards inquisitive reporters, and we have read many shilling shockers not half so good.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Defence of the Realm." By Sir Henry Knyvett (1896). Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1907.

This is a curious and interesting old pamphlet which has never before been printed. It is contained in an MS. in the Chetham Library at Manchester, and is well edited and commented on by Mr. Charles Hughes. The editor gives some notes on the career of Sir Henry Knyvett, about whom the "Dictionary of National Biography" has nothing to say. One of Knyvett's friends was wild Will Darell or Dayrell of Littlecote House, Hungerford. Everybody who knows that district and noble old Tudor house is interested more or less in the story of Darell, and it is possible that the references to the mysterious murder at Littlecote may be of value to antiquaries. We do not remember to have seen reference to Knyvett's friendship with Darell in any local guide-book or history. It is somewhat

(Continued on page 150.)

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remarkable that Knyvett, who was a soldier of some distinction and High Sheriff of Wiltshire at one time, should have corresponded in a friendly way with Darell, if he believed in the story of the Littlecote murder. In a letter to Sir John Thynne—the builder of Longleat—he says that “the bruit of the murder . . . increaseth fowely, and theare falleth owte such other hayghness matter against him, as will touch him to the quicke”. The crisis which induced Knyvett to present his “Defence of the Realme” to the Queen was the capture of Calais from the French by the Spaniards. The general idea of his scheme was to organise the whole manhood of the country effectively against invasion. He desired among other things training in the use of the longbow and the employment of archers. But, as the editor points out, the longbow was at this very time going out of use; so that Knyvett’s scheme was somewhat behind the times. The editor’s notes on the longbow in England towards the close of the sixteenth century are interesting.

“Ralph Heathcote; being the Letters of a Young Diplomatist and Soldier during the time of Napoleon.” By Countess Gröber. London: Lane. 1907. 12s. 6d. net.

The name of Napoleon is such a draw to-day that one cannot wonder it is occasionally brought on to the title-pages of books which have next to nothing to say about Napoleon. We must say this book is a case in point. There are very few references to Napoleon, and of these only one of any interest—that describing the feelings of a typical English officer and patriot on hearing that Napoleon had cast off Josephine and taken Marie Louise of Austria in her stead. “Who would have expected a Louise Lauterbach to become a Princess? Who would have dreamed of an Archduchess of Austria becoming the mistress, the kept mistress, of one of the assassins of Marie Antoinette!” This passage is in interest above the average of the book; but Heathcote’s letters describing his services in the Peninsula are readable, though of no particular value to the student of military history.

“Etudes critiques sur l’histoire de la littérature française.” Par Ferdinand Brunetière. Paris: Hachette. 1907. 3 fr. 50 c.

This is the eighth series of the late M. Brunetière’s essays, and its publication helps the public to form some idea of the immense range of his reading and the unconquerable resolution of his character. It must be remembered that the whole of this volume was written at a time when he was undergoing great physical trouble and was well aware that he was the victim of a fatal disorder. The subject-matter of the various papers covers a very wide range of subjects, and the writer is naturally happier in his treatment of some than of others. With the sceptical Montaigne he is less in sympathy than he is with Bourdaloue or Joseph de Maistre. Hence his essay on the former seems to us less satisfactory than most of the other papers, but for all lovers of sound and erudite criticism the book will have considerable value, though earlier volumes of the series in question will probably command a wider circulation.

“Every Woman’s Own Lawyer.” By Gordon C. Whadcoat. London: Fisher Unwin. 1907. 3s. 4d.

There is some novelty in a book about law dealing with the points in which women are specially interested. Much of what the author says is no doubt applicable to men as well, but a selection can be made to justify the title of the book. Thus domestic servant law, shopping, children, preparations for marriage, breach of promise of marriage, and the family relationships, with judicial separation and divorce, the wife’s position on her husband’s death, and boarders and lodgers, all are matters which may arouse an intelligent woman’s curiosity. But in the chapters on employers’ liability Mr. Whadcoat falls far short of treating the subject in the vivid, concrete, illustrative manner which would alone make it readable. He simply reprints the Act, and this is as good as nothing. Mr. Whadcoat is a woman’s rights advocate, and he uses the occasion of his writing for women to condole with them on their existing disabilities or to encourage them by recounting their successes in asserting themselves in the past. But if they take his suggestion as to practising as conveyancers, though they are prevented from being barristers or solicitors, they will find their practice neither agreeable nor remunerative. The Law Society and the Inns of Court would not license a woman to practise as conveyancer; and she would be liable to penalties if she charged for drawing conveyancing documents.

## TWO QUARTERLIES.

In “The Church Quarterly Review” for July Dr. T. B. Jevons analyses, with an almost cruel finesse, Dr. Westermarck’s theory of morality. It is stated in three forms:

- (1) The ultimate moral authority is society.
- (2) The ultimate moral authority is the individual.
- (3) There is no ultimate moral authority.

After this one can readily believe that Dr. Westermarck’s philosophy is a fallacy of his own making. The truth of course

is that Dr. Westermarck is an historian and observer of ethical customs, and a good one, but he is not a philosopher. His great work “The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas” would have been greater if he had been content to record evidence and left others to philosophise. One might question whether a scholarly Review should concern itself with the crudities of a half-educated popular preacher. However, Mr. Campbell’s “New Theology” is taken seriously and exposed in an editorial article. Nothing in this number is more interesting than the inquiry into the “Unpopularity of the Abbeys”. The conclusion is that neither Protestantism nor moral indignation had anything to do with their decay. They were a great and good social development which survived its need and was perishing naturally when Henry VIII. gave it the coup de grâce.

The “Law Quarterly Review” has for its two popular articles—if this epithet can be applied to anything appearing in this erudite magazine—one on “Legal Education in London”, by Sir Thomas Raleigh, and another on “Possibilities in Legal Education”, by Mr. Edward Jenks. Both treat of the sporadic and disorganised arrangements for legal education in London. The former suggests certain alterations which might be made in the body that superintends the teaching of Bar students. The second touches generally on the weak points in the existing arrangements. Its author describes the proposals that have for their object the improvement of the relations between the professional teaching bodies and the London University Law Faculty. He concludes that ultimately the proper course will be the creation of the School of Law with which Sir Robert Finlay’s name is associated; and believes the Inns of Court will reconsider their position in regard to it. Both articles are of considerable interest to all who have opinions about legal education. A short article by Mr. Charles S. Lobingier, Judge of the Court of First Instance, Manila, gives an almost amusing account of the way in which our old office of Justice of the Peace has arrived at the Philippines of all places. “Possession and Ownership”, by Mr. Albert S. Thayer, is the second of two learned articles on the history of these two allied legal conceptions. “Lateral Support under the Waterworks Clauses Act”, by Mr. Charles Tennyson; “The Status of Foreign Corporations and the Legislature”, by Mr. E. Hilton Young; “‘British’ Land Law in the New Hebrides”, by Mr. James E. Hogg; and “Acts of Omission as Breaches of Covenants for Title”, by Mr. T. F. Martin, all as exhaustive as the pages of a text-book, are the remaining articles. The notes and book reviews as usual are excellent.

For this Week’s Books see page 152.



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The Secretary (Mr. W. J. Burnside, A.C.I.S.) having read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' report,

The Chairman said: I cannot proceed to deal with the report and accounts of the Company without first speaking to you about the loss we have sustained through the lamented death of our Chairman (my brother), who, by his urbanity of manner, his calm judgment, his readiness of speech, made an ideal Chairman. I only hope, when my time comes to go, I may receive as much regret from my colleagues as is now bestowed on my brother. Turning now to the accounts, it is very gratifying to be able to announce that the trading profit for the year just concluded is £8,194 in excess of the previous year. Comparing this year's figures with last, you will see that we have written off for depreciation £17,694, against £6,039 last year. The charge for interest is £1,670 more than last year; directors' fees are less. The compensation levy is £1,394 more, the figures being £8,838 in 1907, against £7,544 in 1906. A new item of £1,000 appears in connexion with the Workmen's Compensation Act of 1906. Your board, after a great deal of consideration, came to the conclusion that, for the first year of the new Act, it was better for the Company to create its own insurance fund, instead of insuring its employees with any office; but this decision does not prevent your board from changing its policy if at any moment they think it necessary or advisable to do so. After providing for the dividend of 16 per cent. for the year on the ordinary shares, the balance to be carried forward is £4,101 greater than last year, the figures being £17,322, against £13,221. I have much pleasure in stating there is a distinct improvement of trade, and I am looking forward to a continuation of the same during the present year. With respect to the further issue of debenture stock, the matter must be deferred until a more favourable opportunity arises. I shall be happy to answer to the best of my ability any question a shareholder may wish to ask on the accounts, and I have now the pleasure to move the adoption of the report and accounts, and that dividends be paid at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the preference shares and 17 per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares for the half-year ended June 30 last, which, with the interim dividend at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum paid last January, makes 16 per cent. for the year.

Mr. P. J. Feeny, J.P., seconded the motion, which was then put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

Mr. M. C. Buszard, K.C., in proposing a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman, the directors, and the various employees of the Company for their strenuous exertions on its behalf during the past year, alluded to the very great loss which the Company and all who knew him personally had sustained in the death of their late Chairman.

Mr. Straker seconded the motion, which was unanimously adopted.

The Chairman, having acknowledged the compliment,

A general meeting of the debenture-stock holders was then held, to appoint two trustees in the place of Mr. Thomas Threlfall and Mr. W. A. Matheson, deceased. Mr. John Craig, of Holly Grange, Bowdon, Cheshire, and Mr. Henry Cecil Sharpe, of 14 Gray's Inn Square, were unanimously appointed.

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A MEETING of the shareholders of the British-Butte Mining Company, Limited, was held on Thursday, at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., to hear a report on the property from Mr. Charles Olden, F.G.S., M.I.M.M. Mr. Lafayette H. de Friese presided.

The Secretary (Mr. A. G. Thresher) having read the notice convening the meeting,

The Chairman explained how, in company with an engineer friend, he first began as an outsider and a layman to study the history and position of the Butte properties, and came to the conclusion that if they could be acquired on reasonable terms those interested would have a great future for themselves. "The result of about a year's work was the gathering together of the properties now belonging to this Company. The Company was formed, and these properties were deeded to it, and the entire shares of that Company were brought to London, and are in London to-day—I think practically every share. The vendors of that Company did not ask for, and did not receive, any cash consideration. I was one of them—that is, I owned a pretty large interest in it by the end of the year we spent in acquiring them, and incidentally I may say I have no shares for sale. Since that time developments have taken place, all of which have gone to prove the correctness of the views that were formed in Butte at the time, that the great copper veins of Butte passed under the gravel deposit which overlies our property there, and passed the properties that are now owned by this Company. I may say that when I was there, that was not only the view of my friend of whom I spoke, but of Mr. Millar, who is one of the greatest geologists in our country and one of the greatest authorities in Butte. He has written a book, a copy of which I have here, and is an authority on the subject, having spent many years in studying the Butte formation. We have had one development that we did not anticipate. I expected, but I do not know that all my friends did, that we should have an overlying mass of gravel deposit to work through, the depth of which we could not tell. It might be 100 feet, or it might be 500 feet, but which would be a dead expense to us. It turns out that that deposit of gravel overlying the whole of our properties probably is a placer deposit which is going to be worth the entire capital stock of our Company. Instead of being an expense to us, it is going to be a source of great profit. Of course, originally we had nothing in view but the tracing of copper veins and the development of copper production there; and if the copper veins which have made Butte what it is pass under our properties and through them—if we are all right in our views of that—we have there a vast area of ground practically as large as the Amalgamated Company possesses; and if the Amalgamated vein and the vein of Senator Clarke's properties pass through our ground, I see no reason why the Company should not become just as valuable in the end as the great Amalgamated Company, with its \$160,000,000 of capital. The sinking through the gravel deposits has extended, I find from a cablegram, to about 410 feet, and during the whole of that great depth this wonderful placer gold is found. We have on hand at the present time, in addition to the work that has been done, and which will be explained to you by Mr. Olden, roundly, £90,000 of available capital. We are not wanting any money, and we are certain that if developments go on as they are we shall either not want any more, or we shall get it anywhere, or at any time."

Mr. Charles Olden, F.G.S., M.I.M.M., said when he received instructions to go to the properties of the Company he went out with the intention of discounting a great deal that he had heard; but after being on the property for a few days he was converted, so to speak, against his will. He found the properties were certainly better than they had been represented by those from whom he had received his information. He came away converted to the belief that the possibilities of the property were greater than those of any property he had had the pleasure of examining in the course of many years.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman, and also to Mr. Olden for his interesting account of the property, brought the proceedings to a close.

## EDUCATION.

### HUNTINGDON HOUSE, TEDDINGTON.

Established nearly Half a Century.  
CLOSE TO BUSHEY PARK AND RIVER THAMES  
Staff of Thirteen University Graduates and others.  
Preparation for Public Schools, Navy, Professions, &c.  
Modern buildings, erected specially for the School.  
Entire charge of Colonial and Continental Pupils.

### EALING GRAMMAR SCHOOL, The Park,

Ealing, W.—Warden: The LORD BISHOP OF MARLBOROUGH.—  
Enlarged buildings, chapel, laboratory, classical, scientific, and commercial sides.  
Preparation for all exams. Terms very reasonable. The school is situated in one  
of the most healthy suburbs of London, built upon light gravelly soil at a consider-  
able elevation, and enjoying an atmosphere peculiarly dry, clear and bracing.  
Report, prospectus, and references from SECRETARY.

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EXPERIENCED and successful TUTOR (London University) prepares Pupils for all Public Examinations. Latest successes include London Matriculation (1st Division), Cambridge Senior (Honours), and 1st Class College of Preceptors. Moderate terms.—P. H. HAPPEFIELD, 243 Willesden Lane, London, N.W.

### HEARN HOUSE, 15 FAIRFAX ROAD, HAMPSTEAD, N.W.—Pupils received Daily or as Boarders. Individual Instruction. English to Foreigners. Home life.—Write, R. G. D. HOWELL, M.A. Cantab.

### KEW GARDENS—LANCelyn HOUSE. OLD-ESTABLISHED SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

### REGENT'S PARK, N.W.—3 MELINA PLACE. Finishing School for Girls.

PROFESSOR ETEMLA-EYTON can receive Pupils in VOICE PRODUCTION, SINGING, and BREATHING (Manuel Garcia Method), at Chatham House, George Street, Hanover Square, W.

### MANSFIELD HOUSE, CLIFTON GARDENS, W. HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.—Education in all its branches. Musical and Art students received. Housework taught.

### HAMPSTEAD.—FROGNAL PARK, LONDON, N.W. St. Basil's Roman Catholic PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR BOYS. Beautiful grounds on the top of Hampstead Hill, close to Hampstead Heath.

### QUEEN'S COLLEGE FOR GIRLS, HAVERSTOCK HILL, HAMPSTEAD. Recogd. by B. of E.—Modern Education. Music and Languages. Large grounds. Bracing air. Moderate fees.—Apply, the Misses HOLMES.

### KENSINGTON.—CAMPDEN HILL, W.—SCHOOL for DAUGHTERS OF GENTLEMEN.—Bracing situation. Exceptional advantages.—Miss M. and Miss S. H. MONYPENNY, Observatory Gardens, W.

### SOUTH KENSINGTON—DEAN'S COURT, EARL'S COURT SQUARE.—EDUCATIONAL HOME for GENTLEMEN'S DAUGHTERS. Individual teaching in every subject. Music and Languages a speciality. Entire charge.—Principal, Miss HUNT.

### LUTON HOUSE SCHOOL, HOLLAND PARK AVENUE, W.—OLD-ESTABLISHED SCHOOL. Many Scholarship successes at Public Schools. Great attention to sports and games.—Headmaster, J. HARDIE, M.A.

### HENLEY-ON-THAMES, COLLEGIATE SCHOOL. Special care of delicate boys. A few taken at reduced fees. Thorough Modern Education. Medical and other references.

### ABBOTSHILL, 34 Quex Road, N.W.—Boys' Preparatory School. Headmaster, G. H. GROVES (late Assistant-master University College School, London).

### BATHEASTON, Somersetshire.—Fairhaven, Home School for Girls. Large grounds. Thorough Education. Good references.

### CHANTRY, NEAR FROME.—SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Established 1857. On the Mendips. Modern Education, Music and Languages special features. Fees, 48-54 guineas.—Principal, Miss SENIOR.

### SOMERSET.—COLLEGE HOUSE, BRIDGWATER. SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Recognised by Board of Education. Thorough preparation for all Exams. Every comfort. Terms moderate.—Principal, Miss E. L. EVERDELL, L.L.A.

### HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.—Bracing Down air. Thorough Education. Large grounds. Terms moderate. Entire charge of Colonial Pupils.—"CAMACHA," WESTBURY, WILTS.

### HOUNSLOW.—ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE (Recognised) FOR GIRLS.—Very dry and bracing climate. Highest references. Moderate fees. Swimming taught.

### UPTON HOUSE, NEAR SLOUGH, BUCKS. High-class GIRLS' SCHOOL. Cambridge examinations. Home-life. Games, gymnasium. Entire charge.

### ST. WINIFRED'S, CLIFTON, BRISTOL.—Church of England (recognised Home School for the Daughters of Gentlepeople).

### WESTON-SUPER-MARE.—ALTON HOUSE, MONTPELLIER.—High-class Home School for Daughters of Gentlemen. Tennis, Hockey, and Swimming. Entire charge of children from India and Colonies.—Principal, Mrs. HOLBOURNE.

### GISBURNE HOUSE PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR BOYS, near WATFORD. Gravel soil; high ground; bracing air; excellent playing fields, including gymnasium.

### THE COQUELIN SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES, 265 REGENT STREET, W. (above District Messengers) Native and experienced teachers. Trial lesson free. Write for pamphlet and press opinions.

JOHN BECKTON (established 25 years) continues to prepare candidates for London Matriculation and all Medical and Law Preliminary Examinations. Extracts from testimonials: "The greatest duellard need not despair." "It seems impossible to fall under your tuition." Boarders received.—Address, 37 Store Street, Bedford Square, W.C.

## HOTELS.

### ELY CATHEDRAL

Visitors will find First Class Hotel Accommodation at the "LAMB" Family Hotel, which is situated close to the Cathedral. MODERATE TERMS. Omnibus meets all trains. Proprietor, S. AIREY.

### ANGEL HOTEL, HENLEY-ON-THAMES. Delightfully situated adjoining Henley Bridge, commanding extensive and beautiful views of the River. Comfort combined with Moderate Charges. R. T. DUKE, Proprietor.

### ABERYSTWYTH.—THE QUEEN'S HOTEL. First-class; facing the sea, and sheltered from the North-east Winds. Terms Moderate. Tariff on application.—W. H. PALMER, Proprietor.

### BRIGHTON.—ROYAL CRESCENT HOTEL.—Centre of Marine Parade. Best position in Brighton for health and quiet. Magnificent Sea View. Electric light throughout. Moderate tariff. GEO. LOGAN, Proprietor.

### ILFRACOMBE.—THE OSBORNE PRIVATE HOTEL. On Level and within Minutes of Sea. Nearly Seventy Apartments. New Lounge and Drawing-room just added. Liberal table and inclusive terms.—COLLINS, Proprietor.

"FINANCE."—A concise weekly record of markets and prices, published by the CENTRAL STOCK EXCHANGE, LIM. (Established 1893), 66 Cannon Street, London, E.C. Post free for six months to applicants mentioning this paper.

VACANCY on STAFF of LEADING ILLUSTRATED LONDON CLASS WEEKLY for able Leader and Paragraph Writer. Whole or part time could be arranged.—Address, stating terms, experience, &c., to "LITERARY," c/o "Saturday Review," 33 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

## LANGLAAGTE DEEP, LIMITED.

### Notice to Shareholders.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE TENTH ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS for the year ending 31st JULY, 1907, will be held in the Board Room, THE CORNER HOUSE, JOHANNESBURG, on WEDNESDAY, 16th OCTOBER, 1907, at 3 P.M., for the following business:—

1. To receive and consider the Balance Sheet, Working Expenditure, and Revenue Account and Appropriation Account for the year ending 31st July, 1907, and the Reports of the Directors and Auditors.
2. To elect two Directors in the place of Mr. B. Bradley and Comte F. de Ferrières, who retire by rotation, in accordance with the provisions of the Company's Articles of Association, but are eligible, and offer themselves for re-election.
3. To elect Auditors in the place of Messrs. C. L. Anderson & Co. and J. N. Webb, who retire, but are eligible for re-election, and to fix their remuneration for the past audit.
4. To transact general business.

The Transfer Books of the Company will be closed from the 16th to the 22nd OCTOBER, 1907, both days inclusive.

HOLDERS OF SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER wishing to be represented at the Meeting must deposit their Share Warrants, or may at their option produce same, at the places and within the times following:—

- (a) At the Head Office of the Company in Johannesburg, at least twenty-four hours before the time appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (b) At the London Office of the Company, 1 London Wall Buildings, London Wall, E.C., at least thirty days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (c) At the Compagnie Française de Mines d'Or et de l'Afrique du Sud, 20 Rue Taibout, Paris, at least thirty days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.

Upon such production or deposit a Certificate with Proxy Form will be issued, under which such Bearer Warrant Holders may attend the Meeting either in person or by Proxy.

## GLEN DEEP, LIMITED.

### Notice to Shareholders.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE TENTH ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS, for the year ending 31st JULY, 1907, will be held in the Board Room, THE CORNER HOUSE, JOHANNESBURG, on WEDNESDAY, 16th OCTOBER, 1907, at 11 A.M., for the following business:—

1. To receive and consider the Balance-sheet, Working Expenditure, and Revenue Account and Appropriation Account for the year ending 31st July, 1907, and the Reports of the Directors and Auditors.
2. To elect two Directors in the place of Messrs. R. W. Schumacher and L. Reysersbach, who retire by rotation, in accordance with the provisions of the Company's Articles of Association, but are eligible, and offer themselves for re-election.
3. To elect Auditors in the place of Messrs. C. L. Anderson & Co. and Howard Pim, who retire, but are eligible for re-election, and to fix their remuneration for the past audit.
4. To transact general business.

The Transfer Books of the Company will be closed from the 16th to the 22nd OCTOBER, 1907, both days inclusive.

HOLDERS OF SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER wishing to be represented at the Meeting must deposit their Share Warrants, or may at their option produce same, at the places and within the times following:—

- (a) At the Head Office of the Company in Johannesburg, at least twenty-four hours before the time appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (b) At the London Office of the Company, 1 London Wall Buildings, London Wall, E.C., at least thirty days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.

Upon such production or deposit a Certificate with Proxy Form will be issued, under which such Bearer Warrant Holders may attend the Meeting either in person or by Proxy.



The List of Applications will open on Wednesday, August 7, 1907, and close on or before Friday, August 9, 1907, for London; on Saturday, August 10, 1907, for the Country; and on Monday, August 12, 1907, for Foreign Applications.

## Sale of £800,000 Six per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures

OF

# THE PERUVIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, LIM.

Being part of a creation of £1,600,000 of Six per Cent. Debentures.

These Debentures are now offered for sale at the price of £87 10s. per cent. in Debentures of £100, £50, or £20 each, either Registered or to Bearer, as required, and the price will be payable as follows:—

|                              | £100 DEBENTURES | £50 DEBENTURES   | £20 DEBENTURES |
|------------------------------|-----------------|------------------|----------------|
| On Application               | £5 per Deb.     | £2 10s. per Deb. | £1 per Deb.    |
| On acceptance of Application | £20             | £10              | £4             |
| On September 9, 1907         | £20             | £10              | £4             |
| On October 9, 1907           | £20             | £10              | £4             |
| On November 9, 1907          | £22 10s.        | £11 5s.          | £4 10s.        |
|                              | £87 10s.        | £43 15s.         | £17 10s.       |

Payment for Debentures may be made in Francs at 25.20, Reichsmark at 29.50, Gulden at 12.10 per £ sterling exchange respectively.

The whole amount may be paid up in full at any time under discount at Bank rate.

Payments for the above Debentures may be made to Messrs. BARCLAY AND COMPANY, LIMITED, 1 Pall Mall East, London, S.W., and Branches. THE ANGLO-SOUTH AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED, 97 Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C. (Formerly the Bank of Tarapaca and Argentina, Limited), and

THE LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN BANK, LIMITED, 170 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C., and Branches. On behalf of the International Construction and Finance Syndicate, Limited.

The Debentures are secured by a Trust Deed dated December 17, 1906, made between the Company and Frank Fitzroy Lambert, and Edward Kenneth Wilson, as modified by a Supplemental Indenture made between the same parties and dated April 11, 1907.

The Trust Deed contains a specific first charge on the Railway Concession, and a floating charge on the rest of the undertaking and assets of the Company, both present and future, including its uncalled capital.

£800,000 of Debentures, being the balance of the £1,600,000 of Debentures authorised by the Company, are being held in reserve by the Company for the construction of the second section of the Railway mentioned below.

The Debentures will be in the form of Registered or Bearer Debentures, at the option of purchasers. The Debentures will be repayable at par on January 1, 1967, but the Company reserves the right to redeem the whole or any part thereof at a premium calculated at the rate of £5 per centum at any time after December 31, 1912, on six months' notice.

The redemption at the expiration of 60 years of the whole of the £800,000 Debentures now offered for sale will be insured by a Sinking Fund Policy, to be effected by the Company with the Sun Life Assurance Society, subject to the payment of a half-yearly premium of £2,465 13s. 4d. The sum necessary for the redemption of the whole stock will, therefore, be provided by payments amounting in the aggregate to £293,533 6s. 8d. The Policy and the benefits thereof will be transferred to the trustees for the Debenture-holders.

The Syndicate will pay interest on the instalments at the rate of £6 per cent. per annum, until the final instalment is paid. As from the date of payment of the final instalment purchasers of Debentures will be entitled to interest (calculated from such date) on the Debentures purchased by them, such interest will be payable half-yearly, on January 1 and July 1, the first payment to purchasers (calculated as aforesaid) being made on January 1, 1908.

The Articles of Association of the Company confer upon the Debenture-holders the right to attend and vote at all meetings of the Company, except those at which by Statute voting power may be only exercised by the shareholders.

A Contract has been entered into between the Company and the International Construction and Finance Syndicate, Limited, whereby the latter agree to construct and equip the first section of the Railway as mentioned below.

The Syndicate has agreed to acquire £488,000 of the Debentures now offered for sale from the Company and has also an option to purchase the remaining £312,000 of Debentures now offered for sale. By this means the Syndicate controls the whole of the Debentures at present issued, and all of them are now offered for sale by the Syndicate. Out of the proceeds the Syndicate will pay over to the Company the amount certified by the Company's Engineers as sufficient for the construction and equipment of the first section of the Railway plus the sum of £36,000 for the payment of interest during such construction, and £75,000 for other purposes of the Company. These three funds will be retained in the hands of the Company and applied by it for the above purposes as required. Payments for construction and equipment will only be made by the Company against the Certificates of the Engineers.

If the above sum of £36,000 shall prove to be more than sufficient to pay interest on the Debentures during the construction of the first section of the Railway, any unexpended balance will be refunded to the Syndicate, but in the event of this sum proving insufficient to pay the interest the Syndicate will provide the balance up to £12,000.

A brokerage of ten shillings per cent. will be paid to Brokers in respect of accepted applications for Debentures (other than underwriting applications) on forms bearing their names.

Applications will be made to the Stock Exchanges at London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow for a settlement in and official quotation of the Debentures now offered for sale.

Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and of the Syndicate, the Trust Deed and Supplemental Trust Deed, of the Contracts, the Concession, and a Notarial Translation thereof, can be seen at the Syndicate's Registered Offices, situate at Caxton House, Westminster, S.W., whilst the lists remain open.

PARTICULARS OF PROPERTIES ACQUIRED BY THE PERUVIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, LIMITED, AND MORTGAGED TO THE TRUSTEES FOR DEBENTURE-HOLDERS.

The Company has acquired for the sum of £25,000 in cash (still payable), £312,000 of Debentures, part of the £800,000 of Debentures now offered for sale, and £246,000 in fully paid-up Shares in the Company:—

1. A Concession dated on or about September 12, 1906, granted in perpetuity by the Peruvian Government for the construction of a railway from the Port of Chimbote, on the Pacific Coast, to Recay, subject to fulfilment of the conditions contained in the Concession. The Engineers advise that the terms of the Concession allow ample time for the construction of the Railway, and that no serious engineering difficulty is likely to be met with in the construction of any portion of the line.

2. The work already carried out in the line, estimated by Messrs. Sir Douglas Fox & Partners in their Report as being of the value of about £300,000 and consisting of Earth Works, seven Tunnels partially constructed, four Iron Bridges, about 15 miles of Rails, and other materials, most of which can be utilised in the construction works.

3. One hundred and fifty-three Coal Claims (of a total area of 6,120,000 square metres) along the proposed line of railway, and situate about 60 miles from the Port of Chimbote, subject to a royalty of One shilling per ton upon all coal won by the Company.

4. Pampa Del Mirador Mill site, and No. 5 Water Right.

5. 324 fully-paid shares in the Empresa del Muelle de Chimbote (the landing Pier Company), being approximately 54 per cent. of the entire Share Capital of that Company. This holding gives the Peruvian Pacific Railway, Limited, the controlling interest in the Pier Company. (Since the date of his Contract with the Company, the Vendor has arranged to acquire the control of a further 90 Shares in the Pier Company, and he will transfer such shares to the Peruvian Pacific Railway, Limited, free of charge after the Debenture issue has been made.) No other Pier or landing-place can be constructed on the Bay of Chimbote during the currency of the Pier Company's Concession, which has still upwards of 18 years to run.

### CONCESSION.

This Concession is considered to have been granted on exceptionally favourable terms, as (subject to the fulfilment of the conditions contained therein) the Railway will be vested in the Company absolutely and in perpetuity, and an exclusive privilege is granted for the term of 25 years, during which time the Government will not construct nor permit the construction of any other railway line, whatever may be the means of traction used thereon, for the carriage of goods and passengers between any of the points served by the Railway, and (during the same term) the Company is exempted from fiscal duties for articles and materials used in the construction and upkeep of the line as mentioned in the Peruvian Law of November 9, 1893.

The Provinces of Huaylas, Xauxa, and Huaran, through which the Railway is intended to run, had in 1896, when the last census was taken by La Sociedad Geográfica, a population of 428,103, which population is estimated to have now increased to 550,000; and, so far as is at present known, contain the richest mineral and agricultural district of Peru.

There are 148 mines along or near to the route of the railway, from the more important of which, viz., the Ticsapampa, Huinac, Tarica, Tuca-Chiera, Huallanca, Yauyio, Augustin, Teaza, and Empresa Purco alone, it is estimated there would be a yearly output of at least 100,000 tons, the freight on which at 2d. per ton per mile, or 8s. per ton for the entire distance, would yield to the Railway Company £140,000 gross and £63,000 net per annum. The present cost of transport, which is by mule, is from 4s. to 8s. per ton from the mines to the coast. The Padrón General de Minas 1905 (Official Mining Register) shows that about 600 Mining Rights lie along the route of the Railway, from which a considerable traffic will no doubt be derived.

The entire line from Chimbote to Recay has been surveyed, and the plans, sections, and reports relating thereto have been submitted to the Company's Consulting Engineers, Messrs. Douglas Fox and Partners, whose report indicating the prospects and probable earnings of the first Section of the line will be found, in addition to other important reports by Mr. Arthur L. Pearce, of the firm of Messrs. Pearce, Kingston and Browne, Engineers, Messrs. Merricks, Orane and Co., and Mr. Joseph Crankshaw, M.Inst.M.E., in the complete copy of particulars obtainable at either of the addresses printed below.

The sum necessary to pay the yearly interest on the Debentures now offered is £48,000, and it will be observed that the Revenue, as estimated by the Company's Engineers in their report, is sufficient to pay this interest twice over, while the properties acquired by the Company form a perfect security for such Debentures.

### PERUVIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, LIMITED. TRUSTEES FOR THE DEBENTURE-HOLDERS.

FRANK FITZROY LAMBERT, Esq., Director of the North-Eastern Railway.  
EDWARD KENNETH WILSON, Esq., Director of Thomas Wilson, Sons and Co., Limited.

### SOLICITORS TO THE TRUSTEES. HOLDEN, SONS AND HODGSON, Hull.

### DIRECTORS.

Sir ROBERT HARVEY, Chairman of the Nitrate Railways Company, Limited (Chairman).  
GEORGE M. DE VERE BEAULIERE, Esq., Rose Court, Pluckley, Kent.  
CHARLES BILL, Esq., Director of the North Staffordshire Railway Company.  
Sir GEORGE HAYTER CHUBB, Bart., Chairman of Chubb and Sons Lock and Safe Company, Limited.  
FREDERICK DALTON, Esq., Mloughton Brough, E. Yorks.  
JOSEPH MACANDREW, Esq., Director of the London Bank of Mexico and South America, Limited.

### BANKERS.

THE LONDON BANK OF MEXICO AND SOUTH AMERICA, LIMITED, 94 Gracechurch Street, E.C.

CONSULTING ENGINEERS.—Sir DOUGLAS FOX and PARTNERS.

SOLICITORS.—BURNHILLS, 5 The Sanctuary, Westminster, S.W.  
Dr. ALEJANDRO ARENAS, Lima, Peru.

### CONSULTING MINING ENGINEERS.

MERRICKS, ORANE and CO., 5 and 6 Great Winchester Street, E.C.

### AGENTS FOR THE COMPANY IN PERU.

GRAHAM ROWE and CO., Mersey Chambers, Old Church Yard, Liverpool.

### AUDITORS.

WHINNEY, SMITH and WHINNEY, 32 Old Jewry, E.C.

### BROKERS.

HABES and SONS, 17 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

### SECRETARY AND OFFICES (pro tem.).

THOMAS HOLDEN, Jun., 5 and 6 Great Winchester Street, E.C.

This Form may be used and sent with deposit to Messrs. BARCLAY and CO., LIMITED, 1 Pall Mall East, London, S.W., and Branches; the ANGLO-SOUTH AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED, 97 Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.; or the LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN BANK, LIMITED, 170 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C., and Branches.

### OFFER FOR SALE OF £800,000 6 PER CENT. FIRST MORTGAGE DEBENTURES OF

### THE PERUVIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, LIMITED.

To the INTERNATIONAL CONSTRUCTION AND FINANCE SYNDICATE, LIMITED, Caxton House, Westminster, S.W.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to your Bankers the sum of £..... being £5 per cent. upon the nominal amount of £..... of the above Debentures, hereby request you to sell to ..... (say ..... pounds) of the above-named £800,000 of Debentures, in ..... Debentures of £..... each, and ..... agree to accept the same or any less amount you may agree to sell to ..... upon the terms of the Particulars of Sale dated July 31, 1907, and ..... hereby agree to pay the balance of the purchase price in accordance with the terms of the said Particulars of Sale.

Signature .....  
Name in full .....  
Address .....  
Description .....  
Date ..... 1907  
\* Registered or Bearer.      † £100, £50, or £20.

*Registered under "The Companies Acts." Established in 1836.*

**REPORT** adopted at the Half-Yearly Ordinary General Meeting, the 1st August, 1907.

The Directors, in submitting to the Shareholders the Balance-sheet for the half-year ending 30th June last, have to report that, after paying interest to Customers and all charges, making provision for bad and doubtful debts, and allowing £28,052 15s. 3d. for rebate on bills not due, the net profits amount to £303,225 16s. 2d. From this sum has been deducted £100,000 transferred to an Investments Depreciation Fund, leaving £203,225 16s. 2d., which, with £97,371 4s. 8d. balance brought forward from last account, leaves available the sum of £300,597 0s. 10d.

The Directors have declared a Dividend for the half-year of 10 per cent., which will require £200,000, leaving the sum of £100,597 os. 10d. to be carried to the Profit and Loss New Account.

The Dividend, £2 per Share, free of Income Tax, will be payable at the Head Office, or at any of the Branches, on or after Monday, 12th August.

*Of the London and County Banking Company Limited, 30th June, 1907.*

### Profit and Loss Account.

Examined and audited by us.

(Signed)

GOSCHEN,  
W. McKEWAN,  
CHAS. J. C. SCOTT, } Audit Com-  
mittee of  
Directors.

H. R. WYATT, Head Office Manager.

**W. G. GRIBBLE, Country Manager.**

**T. J. CARPENTER, Chief Accountant.**

London and County Banking Company Limited,  
19th July, 1907.

In accordance with the provisions of the Companies Act, 1900, we certify that all our requirements as Auditors have been complied with, and we report that we have examined the Balance-sheet and Profit and Loss Account, dated the 30th June, 1907, have verified the Cash-Balance at the Bank of England, the Stocks there registered, and the other investments of the Bank. We have also examined the several Books and Vouchers and certified Returns showing the Cash-Balances, Bills, and other amounts set forth, the whole of which are correctly stated; and in our opinion the said Balance-sheet and Profit and Loss Account are properly drawn up, so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the Company's affairs as shown by the books of the Company.

(Signed)

HY. GRANT,  
THOS. HORWOOD,  
STUART PLEYDEL

ing Company Limited,

London and County Banking Company Limited,  
18th July, 1907.

18th July, 1907

Notice is Hereby Given, that a Dividend on the Capital of the Company at the rate of 10 per cent. for the Half-Year ending 30th June, 1907, will be Payable to the Shareholders either at the Head Office, 21 Lombard Street, or at any of the Company's Branches, on or after Monday, the 12th instant.

By order of the Board.

21 Lombard Street, 2nd August, 1907.

By order of the Board,

E. F. ROBINSON, Secretary.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

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